

THE ACADEMY

DECEMBER 9, 1905

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

MACMILLAN & CO.'S BOOKS SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

IMPORTANT NEW WORK ON ART BY HOLMAN HUNT.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

By W. HOLMAN HUNT, O.M., D.C.L.

With 40 Photogravure Plates, and other Illustrations, 2 vols. 8vo, 42s. net.

Mr. C. LEWIS HIND in the DAILY CHRONICLE.—“A fighting, garrulous, conscientious, informative, delightful book.”

NEW BOOK ON VENICE BY MR. MARION CRAWFORD.

GLEANINGS FROM VENETIAN HISTORY

By F. MARION CRAWFORD.

With 225 Illustrations by JOSEPH PENNELL. 2 vols. Extra Crown 8vo, 21s. net.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR. New Work by the Author of “Manchu and Muscovite.”

THE RE-SHAPING OF THE FAR EAST

By B. L. PUTNAM WEALE. With Illustrations and Map, 2 vols. 8vo, 25s. net.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—“There can be little doubt that by the publication of this work, Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale, already favourably known by his ‘Manchu and Muscovite,’ has placed himself in the forefront of writers on the Far Eastern Question. . . . Emphatically a work without which the library of the student of the Far Eastern question will be incomplete.”

VOL. IV. NOW READY.

A HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND

By HERBERT PAUL.

In 5 vols. Vol. IV., 1875-85. 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.
* * * Previously published, Vols. I.-III. 8s. 6d. net each.

RECOLLECTIONS

By WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P.

With Photogravure Portraits. 8vo, 14s. net.

“The author's stormy political career provides splendid material for reminiscences, rich in variety, in anecdote, in movement, and in incident; and his journalistic training has stood him in good stead in the production of an autobiography which is admirably well written.”—STANDARD.

By the late CANON AINGER.

LECTURES AND ESSAYS

2 vols. crown 8vo, 15s. net.

“There can hardly be a better sketch of the greatest career in literature than Ainger's three lectures on the three stages of Shakespeare's art.”—TIMES.

CHEAP RE-ISSUE.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

A Memoir by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON, late Governor-General of Australia.

With Portrait and Facsimiles. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

CANTABRIGIA ILLUSTRATA

By DAVID LOGGAN, 1690.

A Reproduction in folio with Plates averaging 11 by 9 inches, with the scarce Portrait of the Duke of Somerset in Photogravure. Edited with an Introduction, Life of Loggan, and description of each view by J. W. CLARK, M.A., F.S.A., Registrar of the University. Price 2 guineas net.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

Edited by ANDREW LANG.

With 250 New and Original Illustrations by eminent Artists. POCKET EDITION, printed on Incolin paper, scap. 8vo, limp cloth, 2s. net each; limp leather, 3s. net each. CROWN 8vo EDITION, green cloth; 3s. 6d. each. Also in Special Cloth Binding, flat backs, gilt top. Supplied in Sets only of Twenty-four Volumes, £4 4s.

Also an Edition with the ORIGINAL ETCHINGS; tastefully bound in cloth gilt, 6s. each.

* * * Macmillan's New Illustrated Catalogue post free on application.

MACMILLAN and CO., Limited, London.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

THEY.

With Illustrations in Colour by F. H. TOWNSEND. 8vo. 6s.

Highways and Byways Series.—New Volume.

OXFORD AND THE COTSWOLDS.

By HERBERT A. EVANS.

With Illustrations by FREDERICK L. GRIGGS. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Lord Avebury's New Book.

NOTES ON THE LIFE HISTORY OF BRITISH FLOWERING PLANTS.

By LORD AVEBURY. Illustrated. 8vo. 15s. net.

New Books for the Young.

MICKY.

By EVELYN SHARP.

Illustrated by H. M. BROCK. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

THE DWARF'S SPECTACLES,

AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. Told by MAX NORDAU.

Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 6s.

THE BAB BALLADS.

With which are included Songs of a Savoyard. By W. S. GILBERT.

With 350 Illustrations by the Author. Sixth Edition.

Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

COMPLETE EDITIONS OF THE POETS

Crown 8vo., green cloth. Uniform with the Complete Tennyson.

7s. 6d. each.

WORDSWORTH. With Portrait, and an Introduction by JOHN MORLEY.

SHELLEY. With Portrait, Edited by Professor DOWDEN.

COLERIDGE. With Portrait, and an Introduction by J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. With Portrait.

ARTHUR HUGH OLUGH.

With Portrait.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

With Portrait, and an Introduction by THOMAS HUGHES.

T. E. BROWN. With Portrait, and an Introduction by W. E. HENLEY.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. With Introduction, Memoir, and Notes by W. M. ROSSETTI.

BLACKWOODS NEW BOOKS

Suited to the most varied tastes.

In Japanese Hospitals during War Time. By Mrs. RICHARDSON. (Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 6s. net.) Mrs. Richardson was the only foreign lady whose services were accepted by the Japanese in their military hospitals, and she has written this book at the request of the Japanese Red Cross Society.

The Letters of Warren Hastings to his Wife (15s. net). These Letters, transcribed in full from the Originals in the British Museum, are introduced and annotated by SYDNEY C. GRIER, whose works on the East are well known.

Colonel HUGH PEARSE'S **The Hearseys** (15s. net) is the history of a well-known Anglo-Indian family which gathers up the romance of English rule in our great Dependency in the East. It is told by the author of that romantic volume "Memoirs of Alexander Gardner."

Mr. A. C. NEWCOMBE'S **Village, Town, and Jungle Life in India** (12s. 6d. net), a charming volume of especial interest at this moment in view of the Royal Visit. The critics generally are agreeing with an authority in the *Daily Mail*, who said that the book "will be read with avidity by all who have been in India or are in any way interested in that great Eastern possession."

CHASSEUR'S **Study of the Russo-Japanese War** (6s. net) comprises the brilliant series of papers so eagerly read while appearing in "Blackwood's Magazine."

Sportsmen and naturalists always welcome an animal book if it is written with knowledge and enthusiasm: and such is Mr. RICHARD BELL'S **My Strange Pets** (6s. net.) Never was there such a collection of strange fowl, and four-legged creatures and creeping things, as Mr. Bell keeps in his Scottish home and has brought into these pages. This book is "a mine of information, suggestions, and stories," says the *Spectator*, and all the other reviewers are of the same opinion.

A new volume by Mr. ALFRED NOYES is, Mr. R. C. Lehmann says, an event of importance to all lovers of poetry. The book he refers to is called **The Forest of Wild Thyme** (5s. net). "In future years," Mr. Lehmann continues in his review of it in the *Bookman*, "Mr. Noyes may attack enterprises of great pith and moment in poetry, but . . . he will not easily or often surpass what he has now done in this exquisite poem."

The Rake's Progress in Finance (2s. net), by Mr. J. W. CROSS, Author of "George Eliot's Life," is a warning to the nation. The first review in the *Scotsman* says that at least it should quicken the apprehension of men as to the danger that threatens the nation in its finance.

The Siege and Capitulation of Port Arthur. With Illustrations and Maps. By ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT. (Demy 8vo, 21s. net.) The Publishers regret that this book has had to be delayed, and cannot now be issued until after Christmas.

Life of John Collingwood Bruce, LL.D., D.C.L. By his Son, the Rt. Hon. Sir GAINSFORD BRUCE, D.C.L. (10s. 6d. net.)

SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

RICHARD HARTLEY, PROSPECTOR	By DOUGLAS BLACKBURN
THE VROUW GROBELAAR'S LEADING CASES	By PERCEVAL GIBBON
MADAME, WILL YOU WALK?	By BETH ELLIS
WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD	By E. M. FORSTER
HELENA: a Novel	By Mrs. H. O. FORBES
IN THE HANDS OF THE CZAR	By GARRETT MILL
MISS LOMAX, MILLIONIARE	By BESSIE PARKER
HIS INDOLENCE OF ARRAS	By W. J. ECCOTT

BLACKWOODS CHRISTMAS GIFTS

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS and LIFE.

WARWICK EDITION.

14 vols. Printed on special thin paper. Cloth, gilt top, each, net, 2s.; limp leather, gilt top, each, net, 2s. 6d. leather, gilt top, each, net, 3s.; half vellum, gilt top, each, net, 3s. 6d.

SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS. By HELENA FAUCIT (Lady MARTIN). With a Portrait by LEHMANN. Seventh Edition. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

HELENA FAUCIT (Lady Martin). By Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. With five Photogravure Plates. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

BON GAULTIER'S BOOK OF BALLADS, with Illustrations by DOYLE, LEECH and CROWQUILL. A New Edition, with Autobiographical Introduction by Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B., the Joint-Author with AYTOUN. Small 4to, 5s. net.

UNTOLD TALES OF THE PAST. By BEATRICE HARRADEN. With 40 Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR. Square crown 8vo, gilt top, 5s. net.

SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM. By MOIRA O'NEILL. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 3s. 6d.

LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS. By Professor AYTOUN. With Illustrations by Sir J. NOEL PATON, R.S.A. Small 4to, 10s. 6d.

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER. New Edition. Edited by T. F. HENDERSON. With a hitherto unpublished Portrait of Sir Walter Scott. 4 vols. Demy 8vo, 42s. net.

THE BOOK HUNTER. By JOHN HILL BURTON. New Edition, with specially designed Title-page and Cover. Post 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE SCOT ABROAD. Uniform with "The Book Hunter." Post 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE JUBILEE BOOK OF CRICKET. By PRINCE RANJITSINHJI. Large crown 8vo, 6s. Fine Paper Edition, 21s. net.

BOOKS TO READ AND HOW TO READ THEM. By HECTOR MACPHERSON. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

SEPOY GENERALS: Wellington to Roberts. By G. W. FORREST, C.I.E. With Portraits. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE HUMOURS OF SCOTTISH LIFE. By VERY REV. JOHN GILLESPIE, LL.D. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

BLACKWOODS. Edinburgh and London.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

It is good to find the children's book for this Christmas of so excellent and amusing a nature. The counters of the book-shops already lie thick with them, in some instances an upper-room being set aside for their exclusive use. To look at the bright pages and alluring covers is to contrast insensibly this sumptuous feast of the present-day child with the meagre fare set before, let us say, Majorie Fleming and her contemporaries; that child-poet and child-philosopher of the last century. Her short life is, I am glad to see, republished this year with a most arresting frontispiece. She may have counted her nursery books on the fingers of one busy hand, and treasured them accordingly. Yet these very books written for a child's edification, how closely were they allied to moral improvement, restraint, instruction—miserable train! Their names alone give the key-note. "The Half-Holiday Task Book, or the Mirror of the Mind," "The Juvenile Spectator, or observation on the tempers, manners and foibles of various young persons," "Think before you speak" and "Ellen, or the naughty girl reclaimed," "Useful lessons for little Misses and Masters," "The Path of Learning strewed with flowers," and "The curious girl cured," "Greediness defeated," and lastly, "Peter Prim's Pride."

The modern child, on the other hand, and I take it as a type of many another pleasant book of its kind, has Mr. John Hassall's "Teddy and Me" (Nelson). The very title a step-down, as it were, into the child's own easy grammar, to ensure everything being the more comfortable. And the story itself a child's diary of one continuous round of pleasure; Life at the sea-side in all its delight; with not so much as a crab in a chink to pinch a toe, from cover to cover.

It is new, this whole-hearted desire to enter into the life of a child. Our great-grandmothers knew nothing of it. In the days when children were seen and not heard, the child-world was not much exploited.

We want to understand children now, and there are complete systems and educational societies to show mothers how to do it. It is progress that it should be so. For the sampler, you find framed in a curiosity shop, with moral quatrain and attendant texts, surely this belongs to the age of torture?

Mary Anne Parker, aged 8 years and a half.

It is better for such fingers to thread beads.

Miss Montgomery when she wrote "Misunderstood," met with instant acclamation. And this success cannot be wholly accounted for by the exquisite observation of the book. It was because it was a new idea that it had such a welcome. We were then only emerging from

the time when children appeared, much washed, for a dull rather hushed-up hour in the drawing-room; to be caught up once more three stories high, to their own domain, the nursery. Then this book appeared, that looked at Life through the lens of a child's vision.

In good sooth, my masters, this is no door;
Yet is it a little window that looketh upon a great world.

One of the results, however, of anything being well done, is to cause many to believe they might so easily do it too. And the death of so many children in short stories may be laid to this authoress' charge, she may figure as the Herod of child-fiction. But mark in how different a manner the artist and the imitator set to work.

In a story by the first, a reader is made to live with the child in the story, he works and plays, and thinks, with him. And as the theme develops in an advance sustained and gradual, the strands of interest become so delicately knit about the reader's mind, that when the end comes he is wholly touched, and in sympathy.

But in the work of the imitator the bare fact of a tragic scene is held to be sufficient for all. And though by the very nature of the thing you may not remain dry-eyed, there is too much intention in the pathos. And the spirit is left in revolt at such an assault upon the feelings.

But this is a digression from the subject of children's book, for these books, even the fine ones, that deal in sentiment, are more properly for mothers' than for the children's reading.

Mr. E.V. Lucas to whom the grown-up world is grateful for his "Life of Charles Lamb," is now delighting the children. "Mr. Punch's Christmas Book" (Punch Office) is just as it should be. But elsewhere among the books for children is there not a note of exaggeration? a certain burlesque of idea? "The Guide to Fairy-land," by Dion Clayton Calthrop (Alston Rivers), for instance, does not take me with it, and I would so willingly have gone. And can one be pleased to find the romantic story of "William Tell" retold with a smack of parody? "Rip Van Winkle," on the contrary, has fallen into worthy hands. The illustrations by Rackham entirely satisfactory. It holds a picture of a mother with a babe on her arm, that is very beautiful. Nor do I feel altogether in sympathy with the Golliwogs—who now have almost a library to themselves. I like to think of children's games and fancies taking some colour from the world they live in. And indeed it is generally so.



FROM "IN NORTHERN SEAS," BY EVELYN EVERETT GREEN
(T. NELSON AND SONS)

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

Behold the child among his new-born
blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See where 'mid work of his own hand
he lies.

See at his feet some little plan or chart
Some fragment from his dream of
human life
Shaped by himself with newly learned
art,
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral,
And this hath now his heart.
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife,
Filling from time to time his humourous stage
With all the persons down to palsied
age
That Life brings with her in her
equipage.

But the Golliwogs seem to me
to belong to no world, human,
elfin, or divine. Even fairyland,
if we see but rightly, lies as close
to this our everyday life, as lies
a nut within its shell.

As through the hard rock go the
branching silver veins, as into the solid
lands run the creeks and gulfs from the
unresting sea as the sights and influences
of the upper world sink silently through
doth Faerie invade the world of men.

And this note of fun travestied, this search after sensation, existing in some of the literature for children, finds an echo this year in their toys. Go to some large emporium, and there you will find, in perambulators, bears as large as your cab-driver, and toy-donkeys bigger than any that stand in rows, under saddles crumbling with age, at the seaside. Here you will see none of that eager fingering that takes place at the village shop, that lengthy process of selection and final appropriation of delight, the sudden scramble towards some small half-hidden object that upsets the hoops with all their sticks tied in a faggot to the



HEAD-PIECE FROM "THE GUIDE TO FAIRYLAND,"
BY DION CLAYTON CALTHROP (ALSTON RIVERS)

the Earth's atmosphere, so

bigest of the set. No, the children walk here, as crowds move at an exhibition, quashed to a dull amaze. Such things are outside the scale of their world, and what about the nursery cupboard to hold them?

With the lack of simplicity we lose beauty, and in many of the books for children simplicity has been overlooked. How one prizes it in the work of Miss Beatrice Potter! how children love her books! and how one welcomes it in such revivals as "Henny-Penny," "Jock and the Cheeses," and "Willy Wind." Such things fit a child's mind. These two, in one volume, have been treasured from some grandmother's telling of long ago. And "The Stories of Willy Wind and Jock and the Cheeses," by the Countess of Buckingham and Chandos (Black), is wholly delightful from beginning to end. Yet with the Caldecotts, the early Cranes, Mrs. Ewing, and Boutet de Monvel,

with, perhaps, just for fun, an excursion into the emphatic humour of Busch, with these, one would say, a child may be well supplied. For here are beauty and charm.

It is a pleasure to find "At the Back of the North Wind" and "Phantastes" given us again in fitting raiment. Above all, beautiful "Phantastes" . . . "the consecration and the poet's dream."

But I look for the revival of some others. Names to repeat with love. "Grandfather Drosselmayer," Conrad the Squirrel," Prince Hempseed," and "Geoffrey the Knight." And the slender and well-remembered volume, "Rob, Bob, Kitty and Cat." Shall we have these again?



HANS AND PEGASUS. FROM "THE PLAIN PRINCESS AND OTHER STORIES," BY IRENE MAUNDER (LONGMANS)



FROM "LITTLE OLAF AND THE BEARS," BY ARTHUR CROXFORD. ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY AUSTIN (J. NISBET AND CO.)



FROM "BELINDA AND BELINDA'S CLOCK," IN "MR. PUNCH'S CHILDREN'S BOOK," EDITED BY E. V. LUCAS (BRADBURY AND AGNEW)

Parents are mistaken who withhold from their children books that were cherished long ago. "The Pilgrim's Progress" is read with interest, taken down from the bookshelf by choice; read as a story of adventure, and acted in charades. A Mother saw in her nursery lately, a rough cross erected from some broken towel-horse, and a sofa cushion on a burdened back. And she heard the words: "Then feared I lest my burden should sink me deeper than the grave."

There is a little opening formed by the gateway in the stone-dykes of Scotland, and this sometimes shows clear against the sky. For the walls take a wandering but undeterred line up the shoulders of the rounded hills. This is always spoken of as "The Wicket Gate," and hailed when caught sight of, with shouts and caps waving.

I should like to give a word of recognition to the value of the penny series published by Mr. Stead. This admirable venture places in the children's reach a whole library of delight. And the taste must be highly praised that made the selection. The small size and light weight of the little books are adjusted to the hands that hold them. And masterpieces of English literature are read and realised. I say realised, because in a child's mind there is small make-believe. Things are. And the benefit of reading such tales as "The Ancient Mariner," "The Seven Heroes of Christendom," "Hiawatha," "Greek Myths," and "The Heroes of Asgard," before nine years old is very great.

Every good tale [says Jean Paul Richter in his book "Levana"], every good tale, like every good poem, is necessarily surrounded with instruction. But the important thing is to paint a romantic morning glow on the earth-kissing sky, which as age advances may deepen into a pure evening red. Tell of terrible wild beasts, but let them be always at last overcome. Ever let the children be the most frequent actors on your stage; tell of great dangers but of still more wonderful deliverances; of long caverns which lead to heavenly gardens; of making happy, and of being happy.

So writes this great teacher on the education of childhood.

But to what process (I have read the question put elsewhere), to what levelling and mind-benumbing process do we subject children, that changes the inquiring, lively-minded, intelligent child into the satiated and conventional

schoolboy? No doubt the best emerge from the phase, if they ever seriously pass into it, but the minds of many are dulled, I believe, instead of nourished, by the method of learning.

There is so much in these young minds and souls that needs development in its own direction, that we stultify if we seek to instil rather than to guide. That is why the plan that has commended itself most to me has been to let no definite or regular lessons take place before seven and a half years old; none save the reading-lesson, which given for twenty minutes or so a day regularly, quickly brings the ability to read. And then, among the literature that is written for children, now of so extensive a nature, let them pick and choose, and read here and there, for a whole year reading for their own pleasure, and as the spirit leads. They will fasten on what they need, on what they are seeking, as naturally as on to some trellis fastens the tendril of the vine. Childhood is more claimative of sympathy than ready to give it; either to a personality or a thought. A child may look up from its book in a glow, saying: "Listen, Moth; isn't this beautiful?" Yet this same child, should a grown-up person wax ardent in praise, may probably reply to this same question: "Do you like it? Rather silliness I think." So delicate is the balance between sympathy given and sympathy claimed, a feather turns the scale.

But does not this tell one that early childhood does not want instruction so much as shape and sustenance for its own fancies and its own thoughts? And these will take it more directly towards the possession of its true self and a formation of character, than will any isolated facts of supplied knowledge, in lesson form. "Individual rules without the spirit of education, resemble a dictionary without a grammar of the language"; and again it is Jean Paul Richter who remarks: "and shall not, after all, the freedom which makes children citizens of the divine city of Romance, open for them the theatre?"



Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanees,
Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

FROM "A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES," BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH (LONGMANS)

It is so. In the fires of their own enthusiasms and fancies, nourished and fed by the fitting fuel of children's books, do these young souls forge for themselves such keys as shall open for them later many doors.

We may see the absorbed look of interest, and hear the exclamation of delight or surprise; but we cannot measure the extent of the impression that the coloured illustration, the rhyme, or cadenced phrase, may leave behind. You may hear the rustle of the forest beyond your windows but you cannot count the leaves. And how marked are the different tastes of children, so decided and so varied in one family! Rhyme in one will be noticed to hold the attention immediately; the foot tapping the rhythm as it falls, or all the vivacity of a little face suddenly arrested, to change and melt into "the listening eye."

The ear is very delicate in most children, I believe, and this sense may, with little pains, be cultivated. "I think 'smooth' such a lovely word, Mother; it sounds so gentle, and green."

Among our heritage of Nursery Rhymes the greater portion is a jingle of happy nonsense. They are loved for their unshaken tradition, and are immortal by reason of their sincerity. But here and there are one or two that have their poetry too. "Grey Goose and Gander," etc.

Grey Goose and Gander,
Waft your wings together
And carry the King's fair
daughter
Over the one-strand river

This is an old riddle, no doubt, and the answer has been mislaid among us. Yet with faulty rhyme and bereft of reason it has beauty in its four lines.



FROM "A YEAR OF SONGS FOR A BABY IN A GARDEN," BY W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR (LANE)

And here is another of the same kind, the answer to which is "The wind."

Arthur o' Bower hath
riven his band,
And he comes roaring
through the land:
The King o' Scots wi'
all his power
Shall not hold or
bind Arthur o'
Bower.

May those who write for children keep this before them: Pictures should be lovely and words true. For a child's mind, as wax to an impression, may yet be indelibly engraved. And it is a good possession, when we set out on life's journey, if we have a knowledge of the Beautiful

PAMELA TENNANT.



FRONTISPICE OF "BROWN: A BOOK FOR THE YOUNG," BY DOROTHEA MOORE (J. NISBET AND CO.)

FOR CHRISTOPHER

GREAT Saint Christopher, who bore
In thine arms, the Holy Child
Through the river dark and wild
Safely to the farther shore,

Oh! that I might play my part
Brave and tender, like to thee
Bearing o'er the world's cold sea
God the Christ-child in my heart!

IN THE VALLEY

ALL down the valley
As I walk to-day,
There are little foot-
prints
Where the children play.

All down the valley
Of my heart's retreat
There are little shadows
Made by small, dead feet.

DOROTHY FRANCES
GURNEY.

OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS PASTIMES

THE most important of all Christmas sports and pastimes in the olden days was the mumming, which was enjoyed by all classes, irrespective of rank and position. In the great houses of the nobles bands of mummers were regularly organised at Christmas time, the household jester taking a conspicuous place in the company. In villages the young men and sometimes women, disguised themselves, and, with masks and music, performed a short play, or indulged in various antics and buffoonery at the farmhouses or residences of the neighbouring gentry; payment for their performance was usually in kind, cakes and ale, hot mince pies, plum porridge and various liquors being provided.

The word *mummer* is derived from *mom*, a mask, and is doubtless connected with *mum*, silence. At an early period most of the performance was in dumb show and undoubtedly owed its origin to the miracle plays. We know that the vice or clown was introduced into the most sacred stories to give relief to the sustained solemnity of the subject—even Pontius Pilate being represented with clowning and buffoonery, hence our old friend *Punch* of modern days. In the fifteenth century, St. George and the Dragon with many whimsical adjuncts was the favourite Christmas play for the mummers in Merrie England. Gradually the play as a whole was dropped, and the antics of the dancers and buffoons alone remained.

There are very many representations of early Yuletide mummers. The most important are to be found as wonderfully illuminated miniatures on the margins of manuscripts. The fact that so many of the actors are dressed to represent animals is accounted for by the ancient idea that the Devil or Auld Hornie would make special efforts to catch his prey at this season, before, by the appearance of the Christ Child, his power should be weakened.

Animals' skins and horns were assumed by many of the leading figures in Christmas games; in the old versions of Blind Man's Buff or Hoodman Blind, the blind-folded, skin-covered, central figure represented the goaded animal immediately before sacrifice.

Striking and buffetting was an important feature in the game, and in a picture before us the players have taken off their capes and headgear to use as weapons, and in some cases have tied knots in the stuff to give point to their buffetings. In this picture, which occurs on a manuscript of the fourteenth century, the central figure is blindfolded by means of his own hood-like headgear, the folds being

drawn down over his face, so that we see the veritable Hoodman Blind of Shakespeare's days.

Professor Child identifies the blind man in this Christmas game with Odin, the blind deity. It is extremely likely that this sport comes to us from a religious rite for reasons stated above with regard to the blindfolding of victims for sacrifice, and also on account of the animals' skins worn by the players. In some parts of Germany the game is still called *Blind Goat*, in others *Blind Cow*.

In Scotland it is called *Blind Harie* from the hairy dress, or as an allusion to *Auld Harie*, or the Devil, the principal actor.

In pastoral districts the preliminaries of the game have become slightly varied, but the essential chasing of free players by one who is blindfolded remains the same.

The short song which is usually chanted or said, runs thus:

How many horses has your father got?
Three—What colour are they?
Red, white and grey.
Then turn about, turn about, and catch whom ye may.

In different counties the doggerel varies; fingers are sometimes held up as a test of the efficient blindfolding. The Shropshire version commences:

Come, shepherd, come, shepherd, and count your sheep.
I canna come now, for I'm fast asleep.

Nearly all versions end with:

Turn you about three times
And catch whom you may.

Billie Mantie is the name used for Blind Man's Buff in Upper Clydesdale. Biggly was also used in some parts of Scotland according to Dickenson's Cumberland Glossary.

For the benefit of our readers who like something new we will describe a very old variant of the game, which was sometimes called Jingling and was often played in rural England at Christmas time.

Instead of one blindfolded player, only one must be able to see, all his comrades being blindfolded. The play consists in catching the one who can see; he rings a little bell continuously to indicate his whereabouts. The fun is fast and furious when the blindfolded players continually catch each other instead of the bell-ringer, and the success of the game largely depends on the skill of the ringer in threading his way amongst his blindfolded playmates while evading their clutches.

Many games were played at Christmas in connection with the special levy on the farm-yard inhabitants entailed



F. BARTOLOZZI, R.A.

PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER

After WILLIAM HAMILTON, R.A.

by the season's feast. With the struggles of the feathered dainties fresh in their minds, it is little wonder that lads and maidens who had reared the turkeys, geese and fowls, caught the clucking birds and very likely helped to pluck and cook them, should be ready to play games which mimicked their farm-yard work.

Other games such as Fox and Geese have a rural flavour in them which is as refreshing as it is quaint.

This game is sometimes called Hen and Chickens or Hawk and Chickens. One player represents the Fox or Hawk, all the rest arrange themselves in a line, with their arms grasping the dress or clasping the waist of the player in front. The Mother Hen or Goose generally represented by an older child, heads the line and tries to prevent the Fox or Hawk from stealing the tail member of her brood.

The children at the end of the line run and scramble about, doing their best to avoid being caught, and on their firm hold to the main body their success depends, for once leaving hold, they become a stray chick, and are usually easily pounced upon by the Fox or Hawk if they cannot recover their hold.

A short parley is usually held at the beginning, when the Fox declares his intention of catching his dinner.

Snap-dragon's fearful joys have delighted the hearts of the little ones from very early days, and whether from risk of burnt fingers, the pain of a burnt mouth with a hot plum, or the gruesome green and

yellow light when the salt is thrown into the burning brandy after the plums have been eaten, the thrills of this essentially Christmas game seem to fascinate young and old.

Dickens, who revived the cult of Christmas festivities when they were in danger of languishing in the sixties, says :

It was a pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick blinded shortly afterwards with a silk handkerchief, falling up against the wall, and scrambling into corners, and going through all the mysteries of Blind Man's Buff, with the utmost relish for the game, until at last he caught one of the poor relations, and then had to evade the blind man himself, which he did with a nimbleness and agility that elicited the admiration and applause of all beholders . . . When they were all tired of Blind Man's Buff, there was a great game at Snap-dragon, and when fingers enough were burned with that, and all the raisins were gone, they sat down by the huge fire of blazing logs to a substantial supper, and a mighty bowl of wassail something smaller than an ordinary wash-house copper, in which the hot apples were hissing and bubbling with a rich look and a jolly sound that were perfectly irresistible.

Apples bobbing, not in a punch-bowl, but in a tub of water, made a Christmas game in many a farmhouse, where the men and maids, with hands tied, tried to catch an apple and lift it from the water with their teeth. Balancing candles or blowing out the flame in various eccentric ways were also the basis of other Christmas sports; in fact there

was hardly a household utensil that was not utilised for a game, from Turn the Trencher to Bat, Trap and Ball, when the trap was formed by the shoulder bone of a sheep, the ball being placed on the broad end and the knuckle knocked down sharply to send it into the air.

Forfeits, either as a game in itself or when used as penalties in connection with other games, also shows the rural household at play with simple implements, candles, apples, the chimney, constantly appear as means for performing some antic or ridiculous buffoonery. In the old days expensive accessories for games were not considered necessary. There were no Gammes and Hamleys to supply boxes full of bats, sticks, frames and boards. Household objects were used, and wit and skill did the rest. "Make-believe" was a very essential element in the games. "Here we come gathering Nuts and May," "Lady Queen Anne she Sits in the Sun, as Fair as a Lily as Brown as a Bun," and other old games which occur readily to the mind, conjure up in

a few lines a vivid and complete picture of what is supposed to be going on, the environment and the names and rank of any important personage engaged.

Children had not been taught in those days to disbelieve everything which could not be proved by modern scientific methods, adults had been brought up to think of Jack the Giant Killer, Little Red Riding Hood, and Cinderella as fitting companions of childhood in the world of fairies and

make-believe, so that the singing of "Here we come gathering Nuts and May" as they gaily paced the farmhouse kitchen, or the squire's hall, hand in hand with a dozen other youths and maidens, was but to step back into the realms of childhood's merrymaking.

Courtship and matrimony are the foundation of many of the old games, for to make a play of the serious happenings of life is the first principle of all play from the tiny girl who "mothers" her doll, washing and dressing it as she has seen her mother or nurse do with a little brother or sister, to the driving or riding in make-believe and the soldier play of the boy who reproduces in miniature the actions of his father and friends.

Now young couple now kiss together,
Now you're married I wish you joy.

So run the old lines of the old courting game when selection by the boy of the girl from a ring of youngsters, a realistic chase which verily takes us back to the days of marriage by capture, remaining now amongst only a few tribes, and the final embrace while the ringed players chant the final lines—each episode gives a vivid picture of ante-matrimonial incidents,



F. BARTOLOZZI, R.A.

HOT COCKLES

After WILLIAM HAMILTON, R.A.

The winning of treasure in the form of a ball, or represented by any small object such as a handkerchief, was often the fundamental idea in an old game. In "Pull Devil, pull Baker," a ball is placed between the pullers, as will be seen in Hamilton's picture, which has been finely engraved in stipple by Bartolozzi. Sometimes the "treasure" is stolen, and the guardian simulates abstraction or sleep to tempt the robbers within reach so that he may wake and suddenly catch them, as in Tom Tiddler's ground. It is probable that the central figure at one time represented an oracle, and it is certain that the old forfeit game, when the wrongdoer knelt before the imposer of the fine, had in it a flavour of this early relic; for an important feature of the sayings was a certain mystery, and the more cryptic the words and the more unexpected the forfeit, the better the success of the game.

Another game, where the victim kneels, is the very old one called "Hot Cockles." This, also, has been charmingly illustrated by William Hamilton, and engraved by Bartolozzi. The game consisted in the blindfolding of the kneeling figure, who, placing his hand behind him, was struck on the hand by his playmates; the kneeler was not released until he had guessed correctly the name of the striker. Here we have the buffeting of the victim before sacrifice, and with all reverence we call to mind the question in Sacred History, "Who buffeted Thee?" So the great happenings of to-day become the games of to-morrow, for the most serious events are "played at" by children with no thought of irreverence, it is not till adults begin to meddle with children's play that anything unseemly is found in the little ones' serious acting in miniature.

The crystallising of historical events and of personages in Christmas and other games is a subject in itself. To give but a couple of instances. "French and English" can be extinguished by no amount of Ententes Cordiales. It began in the days, perhaps, of Buonapartist scares, and when the Peninsular war gave a suggestion for the taking of prisoners, the retaking and all the hairbreadth escapes which can only be successful when carried out with bravery, and it was natural that the opposing sides should be so named amongst the schoolboys and girls, for were not France and England hereditary enemies since the days when Norman William ruled France and England too, till Calais was snatched from Bloody Mary and England lost her last possession in France?

The numerous Quaker games, such as that beginning, "There was an old Quaker, and he went so," give us William Penn and his following, with all the eccentricity of speech and clothing assumed by the Community of Friends long ago. Some day the game will be looked upon as an

interesting relic enshrining a creed seldom heard of, whose characteristic dress and manner is already practically extinct.

Often a game remains, but gradually changes its name, or the name of its chief character, to that of one better known to the later generation; for instance, Lady Queen Anne was in all probability of much earlier origin than the seventeenth century, but the popular heroine of the moment was used as the figure for the chosen head of the game.

F. NEVILL JACKSON.

KATE GREENAWAY

"CLEAN - SOULED, clear-eyed, unspoiled, discreet"—so wrote Mr. Austin Dobson of Kate Greenaway; and it hits off very neatly the little lady who lived very quietly at Hampstead and wrote letters to Ruskin, and thought very little of herself and created a cult. It is not too much to say that of her. She was born in 1846; in 1846 people took very little interest in their children. They dressed them hideously, they put them away and out of sight as much as possible; they certainly did not make friends and playmates of them, talk to them, treasure up their sayings and put them in print, write beautiful books for them, and generally sit rather at their feet as learners than above them as teachers. Wordsworth wrote a poem which, if people had believed it and taken it to heart, would have sent each and all to the study of child-life, to the earnest seeking in a baby's eyes for wisdom not to be gained elsewhere; but Wordsworth wrote prac-



C. KNIGHT.

'TIS MY DOLL

After SINGLETON.

tically—so far as the children were concerned—in vain. The children—as Vaughan put it many years before Wordsworth—"shined in" their "angel-infancy"; but the grown-ups turned aside from the vision of the "clouds of glory" their children trailed. They know better now. Mr. Kipling has somewhere pointed out the folly of writing down or talking down to children; and nowadays no one thinks of doing anything of the kind. What the effect on the children of the new manner of treatment may be, we are not concerned to inquire here. Is it better for them to be whipped and to have "seen and not heard!" thrown at them? or to be cultivated, encouraged, "spoiled"? They have no doubts about the matter in America, and we have not heard that America is going to pieces in consequence.

We appear to be getting away from Kate Greenaway and the beautiful book about her which Mr. Marion H. Spielmann and Mr. G. S. Layard have lately published

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

with Messrs. A. and C. Black. But we have not, in reality, travelled far. There were artists before her, of course, who made pictures of children. Blake was a famous instance, and there were others who really interpreted children far more deeply and subtly than Kate Greenaway. But no one so forcibly impressed on the average man and woman the fact that their children were decorative, were things of beauty in themselves, than the shy little spinster who created a new world of beauty in art, a small, pretty, rather superficial world, but a world in which every one could take pleasure. It often happens so. The great man, your Wordsworth, says a great thing, and you heed it not: your little man or woman interprets some fragment of his meaning in a way that appeals to all alike, and the idea takes root and fertilises.

Kate Greenaway had the sense to know her own limitations, to know what she could do, and to go on doing it. The great Mr. Ruskin wanted to get at her. He was not content with the little things (perfect in their kind) which she, and she alone, could do. He wanted her to study from the nude, to paint sea pictures, to do all sorts of things. She was content, being a rather timorous and conservative lady, to go on practising, as well as ever she could, the form of art in which she reached—within her narrow limits—perfection. It is well that she did. What if her anatomy is not always irreproachable? her colour, her design, her sentiment are fascinating and her own. Strong outer influences, if she had not had the sense and the timidity to ward them off, might have ruined her individuality without giving any compensating advantages.

All who love children, all who love Kate Greenaway, should get Messrs. Spielmann and Layard's book, though it is not perfect. The authors have felt to the full the quaint charm of this art, they do justice to the "sweet and fragrant perfume" that floats about the name of Kate Greenaway. "At the moment of her death we thought more of the artist we admired than of the friend we had lost." And they set to work to make a biography of Kate Greenaway that should remain for all time the authority on the facts of her life and her art, and to illustrate it with scores of pictures, *fac-similes*, reproductions of pen-drawings and sketches. The spirit of Kate Greenaway hovers, not in the letterpress, but in the illustrations, and the future "appreciators" of this unique, delightful artist, will know where to go for their facts.

We have spoken of Ruskin in his more terrible moods, when—invertebrate schoolmaster and teacher that he was—he tried to force her into paths other than her own. He wrote to her about her book "*A, Apple Pie*" as follows—and the punctuation is his own:

I am considerably vexed about Apple Pie. I really think you ought seriously to consult me before determining on the lettering of things so important—

The titles are simply bill-sticking of the vulgar sort, over the drawings—nor is there one of those that has the least melodious charm

as a colour design—while the feet—from merely shapeless are becoming literal paddles and flappers—and in the pretty—though ungrammatical—"Eat it" are deformities.

All your faults are gaining on you every time that you don't fight them—

But he was not always in this mood. He loved her work and could appreciate it, perhaps, better than most people. He wrote once, of a drawing she had sent him, in this strain:

I've never told you how much I liked a long blue nymph with a branch of roses who came a month ago. It is a heavenly little puckered blue gown with such a lovely spotty-puckery waistband and collar, and a microscopic and microcosmic cross of a brooch, most beautiful to behold. What is she waving her rosebranch for? and what is she saying?

The correspondence in this volume is extremely interesting, though Kate Greenaway was not one of the world's great letter-writers. But she reveals her own sweet, timorous nature very clearly in these frank epistles to the great man who liked her and admired some of her work, and to other friends. To Mr. Ponsonby she sends a message that she "hates Beardsley more than ever," and writes her hate in capitals; and to Ruskin she declares that she thinks Marie Bashkirtseff "odious—simply," while admitting that "though you—or rather I—hate her, you feel she must be clever." And she goes on in the same letter to give the following interesting revelation of her own feelings:

She is grown up at thirteen when she ought to be having the most beautiful child's thoughts. I feel it quite dreadful to miss that happy time out of your life. Perhaps one prefers one thing, one another. I hated to be grown-up, and cried when I had my first long dress, but I know many long to be grown-up, but even that longing is childish.

So we come back constantly, with Kate Greenaway, to the child; the child who was the inspiration and the secret of her fascinating art. That art had other sides, as the illustrations to

this volume show. They range from charming pictures of cottages, something in the style of her friend, Mrs. Allingham, whose work she admired very highly, to caricatures and humorous drawings reproduced from sketches on letters to friends, especially to Miss Violet Dickinson, the tall and slim young friend whose contrast to her own short and rather stout figure was a source of constant amusement to herself.

In one she shows herself sitting in an arm-chair under a shower of water from a watering-can; the letter is dated July 8, 1896, and against the sketch is written the word "Bliss." Another shows her sitting "a solitary hermit," wrapped in a long cloak and drinking a solitary cup of tea by the light of a solitary candle that stands on a three-legged stool, while below is a little vision of the roots of London, "The Far-off World." Yet another shows her in the throes of composition; and the vein of humour these sketches reveal comes as something of a surprise to those who did not know her personally. The sketch reproduced on this page comes from a letter to Ruskin: Mary was her model. But when all is said and printed and reproduced, it is as the artist and the revealer of the charm of childhood that Kate Greenaway will be remembered and loved.



I am doing many like this with a Hoe and a Basket—she looks very pretty.

A SKETCH OF KATE GREENAWAY'S MODEL, MARY, ON A LETTER TO RUSKIN (FROM "KATE GREENAWAY," BY M. H. SPIELMANN AND G. S. LAYARD (BLACK))

GEORGE ALLEN'S LIST.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. each.

Because of Jock

By E. L. HAVERFIELD, Author of "The Sow's Ear," etc.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"Miss Haverfield is one of the writers who can always be depended upon for a well-told story, and her latest romance heightens the estimate which we had already formed of her ability."

The Making of Michael

By Mrs. FRED REYNOLDS.

SCOTSMAN.—"This volume is an idyll . . . written in fine poetical prose."

The Bride of a Day

By R. B. and DOROTHÉA TOWNSHEND.

OUTLOOK.—"To people who like their novels strongly flavoured with excitement and adventure this book can safely be recommended."

A Country Diary

By Mrs. ALFRED COCK.

Ionica

A Volume of Poetry. Ry W. CORY. New Edition, with Biographical Introduction by ARTHUR C. BENSON. Foolscap 8vo, cloth limp, gilt top, 8s. net; leather limp, gilt top, 4s. net.

Nelson and his Companions in Arms

By JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON. New Pocket Edition. With 8 Portraits. Cloth limp, 2s. 6d. net.

Patriotism

A Constructive Theory of Politics. By HAKLUYT EGERTON. Crown 8vo, 352 pages, cloth, gilt top, 5s. net.

Bird Life Glimpses

By EDMUND SELOUS. With 12 Chapter Headings and 6 full-page Illustrations by G. E. LODGE. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s. net.

The Path to Rome

By H. BELLOC. With 80 Illustrations by the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth, designed cover, gilt top, 6s. net. [Second Edition.]

The Sensitive, and Other Pieces

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER. Printed on Unbleached Arnold Handmade Paper. Limited to 500 copies. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

G. F. Watts

Reminiscences by Mrs. RUSSELL BARRINGTON. With 5 full-page Illustrations in Colour, 4 Photogravure Portraits, and 27 other Illustrations from hitherto unpublished Drawings, mostly by G. F. WATTS, and 3 Facsimiles of Handwriting. Royal 8vo, cloth, gilt top, with Design on Cover by WATTS, 21s. net. [Second Edition.]

SEPARATE EDITION OF

The Plays of Euripides

Translated into English Rhyming Verse, with Explanatory Notes, by Professor GILBERT MURRAY.

The Bacchae

Hippolytus

[Third Edition.]

Paper covers, imperial 16mo, 1s. each net.

The Electra

The Trojan Women

Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. each net.

Venetian Sermons

Lectures drawn from the History, Art, and Customs of Venice. By ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, D.D., Author of "The Bible of S. Mark, etc." With 73 Illustrations from local subjects. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN, 156 Charing Cross Road.

MR. NUTT'S CHRISTMAS LIST.

"Two Books for the Little Ones."

BABY BOSH BY THE SEA: A TINY ALBUM FOR TINY FOLK.

32 Coloured Plates with accompanying Rhymes. Boards, 1s.; cloth, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

* * * Every nursery which possesses Mr. Squirrell will want to follow the Adventures of Baby Bosh, Brother Tosh, and Sister Sosh as pictured in colour, and charmingly reproduced by Edmund Evans.

MR UBBLEDEJUB and other Stories for Children.

By A. THORBURN. With Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Illustrations in black and white, by DOROTHY NEWILL and M. FARADAY. Small 4to. Printed at the Ballantyne Press on art paper with cover in colours. 2s.

SCOTSMAN.—"They have the proper nursery flavour."

RHYMES FOR REAL CHILDREN.

By BETTY SAGE. With full-page Illustrations in colour and borders to text by JESSIE WILCOX SMITH, 4to. Picture boards, 3s. 6d.

BABES IN TOYLAND.

By GLEN McDONOUGH and ANNA CLAPIN. With Pictures in colour by ETHEL FRANKLIN BETTS. Small 4to, 180 pp. With 7 full-page Plates in colour, and numerous illustrations in black white. Fancy cloth, 5s. net.

* * Such artistic and beautiful examples of colour-printing as are found in these two books have, perhaps, never been offered at an equal price to the English nursery.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DOLL: The Memoirs of Molly.

By J. CONNOLLY. With 32 Illustrations by NORMAN AULT. Square demy 8vo. Fancy cloth, 3s. 6d.

* * For children of 8 to 12. A fascinating story written from a profound experience of children, and with complete knowledge of their tastes and feelings. It is pervaded by deep sympathy with the child's mind.

"A CANADIAN JUNGLE-BOOK."

SA' ZADA TALES.

By W. A. FRASER. With Illustrations by ARTHUR FLEMING. Square demy 8vo (format of THOMPSON-SETON'S "Wild Animals I have Known"), xii.-231 pp., 24 full-page Illustrations and 24 signatures. Strongly and attractively bound in cloth, 6s. net.

* * The publisher trusts that the welcome accorded to Mr. Thompson-Seton, whom he had the honour of introducing to the English reading public, will be extended to Mr. Fraser, one of the ablest of the younger writers of animal stories in the vein of the "Jungle-Book."

SCOTSMAN.—"A useful and instructive volume."

HEROES OF ICELAND.

Adapted from Dasent's trans'ation of the Saga of Burnt Njal. With Notes and Introduction by C. FRENCH. Maps and full-page Illustrations. Cloth, top gilt, 5s.

"Appears in a form which boys who love to read of bold fighters will readily appreciate."

HEROIC ROMANCES OF IRELAND.

Translated into English prose and verse, with Preface, Special Introductions, and Notes by A. H. LEAHY. Small 4to. 2 vols. Cloth. Subscription price before publication of Vol. 2. 8s. net.

EVENING STANDARD.—"The old Sagas need no praise; and Mr. Leahy has treated them with reverence and style. . . . His prose wakes echoes of Malory and the Bible."

THE GOLDEN BOOK: Legends of Saints and Martyrs of the Church.

Translated from Médiéval Sources by Mrs. ALEXANDER. Square demy 8vo, upwards of 500 pp. Printed at the University Press, Boston. In fancy cloth, top gilt, 6s. net.

* * A companion volume to "The Hidden Servants, and other Very Old Stories," of which many thousand copies have been sold in this country and the United States since its first issue six years ago.

THE ONE STRAND RIVER: And other Fairy Tales.

By Mrs. H. F. HALL. With 6 full-page Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR. Square demy 8vo (format of Jacobs and Batten's Fairy Tales Series), 220 pp. Printed at the Ballantyne Press. Red and black title-page, with artistic cover. New and cheaper edition, 3s. 6d.

DAVID NUTT, 57-59, LONG ACRE, W.C.

Frederick Warne & Co.'s Picture Books for Children.

A NEW STORY FOR CHILDREN BY THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

FIRST EDITION EXHAUSTED BEFORE PUBLICATION, SECOND EDITION IN THE PRESS.

Medium 8vo, cloth gilt, bevelled boards, price 6s.

A LITTLE PRINCESS.

BEING THE WHOLE STORY OF SARA CREWE NOW TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME.

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Illustrated with 8 Original Full-Page Plates in Colours from designs by HAROLD PIFFARD.

"Between the lines of every story there is another story, and that is one that is never heard, and can only be guessed at by the people who are good at guessing. When I wrote the story of 'Sara Crewe' I guessed that a great deal more had happened at Miss Minchen's than I had had time to find out just then. I knew, of course, that there must have been chapters full of things going on all the time; and when I began to write Sara's story over again, I found there were actually pages and pages of things which had happened, so in the new 'Little Princess' I have put all I have been able to discover."—EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE.



A Selection of Artistic Picture Books for Children.

By BEATRIX POTTER.

Size 7½ by 5½ in. Art paper boards, flat back, price 1s. net.

Also in cloth gilt, gilt edges, 2s. net.

THE PIE AND THE PATTY-PAN.

The Story of a little Dog and a little Cat, which shows how ungentle and unwise it is to eat too greedily, especially when invited out to parties. Pussy invites the little dog "Duchess" to tea. How the little dog eats a whole pie, why he imagines he has swallowed a patty-pan, and how Dr. Maggoty, the Magpie, comes to cure him, you must get the book to find out.

Art style, dainty design, gilt edges, 1s. 6d. net.
Art paper boards, flat back, 1s. net.

THE TALE OF MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE.

The story of Lucie, a little girl who was always losing her "pocket-handkins" and "pinny." In her search for them she discovers the abode of Mrs. Twigg-Winkle, a very funny old washerwoman, for whereas other people had curls under their caps, this curious person had "prickles."

ILLUSTRATED BY L. LESLIE BROOKE

Cloth gilt, size 10 by 8 in., 5s. net; post free, 5s. 6d.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE BOOK.

With 32 Full-Page Coloured Plates and 64 pp. of Original Black-and-White Pictures

Illustrating the old world-famed Nursery Stories of

THE GOLDEN GOOSE | THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.
THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS. | TOM THUMB.

They are also issued in Two Collections entitled

LESLIE BROOKE'S CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

In art boards, with inlet picture cloth back.

Each 2s. 6d. net; post free 2s. 10d.

Each Volume is illustrated with 16 Full-Page Coloured Plates and numerous Black-and-White Pictures.

Art paper boards, flat back,
size 6 by 3½ in., 1s. net.

THE STORY OF FOUR LITTLE SABOTS.

By DORA W. PEARSALL.

With Illustrations in Colour and Black and White by the Author.

Miss Pearsall tells in simple verse the doings of a little Dutch maiden and her Wee Cavalier as they range the sands and gather the Yellow Poppy. A series of charming drawings in colour shows this engaging sabot-shod couple at successive stages of their ramble.

Art paper boards, size 5 by 3½ in., gilt,
price 1s. net.

THE RHYME BOOK.

Written and Pictured by

LENA and NORMAN AULT.

With Twenty-four Coloured Illustrations.

A charming little pocket volume for wee folk, containing new and original Nursery Rhymes, which are quaintly illustrated by the clever brush of Mr. Ault.

Kate Greenaway's Books for Children.

Price 3s. 6d. each.

A Day in a Child's Life.

Music by MILES B. FOSTER. With Illustrations in Colours. Post 4to. Picture bevelled boards, cloth back.



Price 2s.

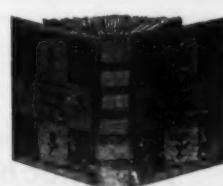
A, Apple Pie.

With each Letter of the Alphabet Illustrated in Colours. Post 4to, oblong boards, cloth back.

Price 1s. 6d.

Kate Greenaway's Birthday Book for Children.

BOOK FOR CHILDREN. With 12 Coloured Plates and Illustrations for every day in the year. Square 32mo, cloth, 1s. 6d. Also kept in limp paste grain, gilt edges, or padded paste grain, round corners, red under gold edges. (Price on application.)



Price 1s. each.

Kate Greenaway's Painting Book for Children.

With 48 Outline Pictures to Paint and 8 Coloured Examples Crown 4to sewed.

The English Spelling Book.

By WILLIAM MAVOR. With numerous Illustrations in Pen and Ink. Fcap. 8vo, picture boards, 108 pages.

Price 2s.

The Queen of the Pirate Isle.

By BRETT HARTE. With Illustrations in Colour. Medium 8vo. cloth gilt.

London : FREDERICK WARNE & CO., 15 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.





WALT WHITMAN

A Life of Walt Whitman. By HENRY BRYAN BINNS. With thirty-three illustrations. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

We commend this illuminating book to the attention of English readers who are interested in Whitman, but have naturally found more to irritate than to help them in the noisy controversies of which the man and his work have too long been the subject. Mr. Binns describes his volume as a Life of Whitman. It is, in fact, more than this. It is both a biography and an interpretation. As a biography, it will easily take its place as our most exhaustive and authoritative record of Whitman's career. It bears evidence on every page that no pains have been spared in the collection of material, much of which has been gathered directly from intimate friends of the poet, or from other sources equally inaccessible to students on this side of the Atlantic. As an interpretation, it is sympathetic and suggestive. Mr. Binns writes frankly as an admirer, but he rarely allows his admiration to run away with his judgment, and his eulogy is generally tempered by the discretion which has been too conspicuously absent from the writings of Whitman's professed disciples. He takes his subject on every side, and achieves success in enabling us to realise something of that extraordinary magnetism of personality which impressed every one who came into contact with Whitman in the flesh, and which we may still distinguish as the driving-power behind his printed words. Mr. Binns has also been solicitous to exhibit the man in the setting of his age and place. He deals in detail with the formative influences of his early life, follows stage by stage the unfolding of his genius and his ideals as products of the interaction of character and environment, and dwells much upon his relations with the contemporary movements of American democracy. This involves some rather lengthy excursions into political and social questions, to which exception may be taken on the ground that in them we are occasionally in danger of losing Whitman's individual figure in the general history of the time. But in so comprehensive a study such digressions have their value, and we are hardly disposed to quarrel with the author for devoting so much space to them as he does.

Mr. Binns disclaims the task of the literary critic. He, indeed, examines at length Whitman's poetic output, but his concern is not directly with the work itself, but with the complex and enigmatical personality which found expression, or more correctly speaking, struggled for expression in it. Yet, necessarily, he raises anew the whole question of the historical meaning of Whitman and his message, and though, with a modesty which savours, too, of wisdom, he declines to anticipate the verdict of the future his pages contain much which will help us to put the author of "Leaves of Grass" into his place in the literary movements of the nineteenth century.

Whitman, he reminds us, was a "special and exceptional character"; he was a "mystic or seer." But even his mysticism was of a fresh and original kind. It was "well-rooted in the life of the senses," and was only one aspect of the character of a thoroughly "full-natured man." At first, indeed, it might seem paradoxical to associate mysticism with the singer of "Children of Adam": the man who could produce that, we might rather argue, was surely a materialist of the rankest sort. But it was precisely in the blending of such materialism with an intensely spiritual conception of life—a conception powerful and comprehensive enough to gather up and transfigure the coarsest facts of experience—that the peculiarity of Whitman's mysticism will be found to lie. He was "well-ballasted," as he once told a friend, with "weightiest animality and appetites," or he might otherwise have gone "off in a balloon." Here is one of the outstanding modern elements in his gospel. He marks the repudiation alike of the bloodless idealism of the past and of the crass materialism of a civilisation immersed in the affairs of the senses. To him, the whole universe was

wrapped in the mystery of God; he himself was part of that mystery; and the "body electric," with all its functions and desires, far from imposing a barrier between himself and the Divine, was itself one of the broad channels through which the Over-Soul swept into his own being.

While Mr. Binns has done well to bring this exceptional side of Whitman's character into clear relief, we do not think that it is along this line of inquiry that we can get at the real significance of Whitman as the most audacious innovator of modern literature. The storm-centre of the controversy about him has always been the question of his loudly proclaimed originality—of his deliberate break with the established conventions of literature as an art, his openly avowed determination to initiate a new tradition for American poetry. And the meaning of this is to be sought rather in Whitman's democratic sense of his essential community with the mass of his fellows than in any qualities of genius and temperament which set him apart from them. His great aim, again and again reiterated, was to constitute himself in poetry the mouth-piece, not of his own special individuality, but of the Common Man of American democracy, of whom he regarded himself as the Adam, or type. Mr. Binns notes that Whitman had a "deeply rooted prejudice against the exceptional," and desired to "plan for himself the life of an average American of the middle nineteenth century." Here is the central fact of his work, which will serve to explain both its abiding strength and its many and exasperating vagaries and extravagances. Hitherto, poetry had more and more confined itself to the exceptional; it had been more and more addressed by the select few to the select few. Whitman set out to substitute the broadly common for the exceptional or "aristocratic," and to voice the interests and aspirations of the great masses of men as one of themselves. If, then, like Blake, he was "a new kind of man" in literature, his newness consisted primarily in his discovery and interpretation of the common genius of a whole people dumbly striving after self-expression. His blustering egoism—which is, of course, racial and not individual—his "brutal optimism," his fearless, and, to many, offensive handling of topics usually treated with the utmost reserve, his chaotic style, his hybrid speech—these, and all other features of his work, are ultimately to be explained by reference to its underlying democratic purpose and inspiration. His ambition was "to exalt the present and the real, to teach the average man the glory of his daily walk and trade." In hot haste to idealise this "average man," he sought to create out of hand an American poetry which should owe nothing to tradition or culture, but should be the vital and immediate expression of all the forces and aspirations of modern American civilisation; and though his abandonment of the accepted forms and restraints of poetry was doubtless due in part to personal impatience and caprice, and in part to the prickings of a rather childish desire to assert the freedom of American art and to be original any cost, it must also in part be regarded as a natural quest for a poetic medium broad and flexible enough to bear the strain of the vast amount of new matter with which, as the interpreter of modern democratic life, he found himself committed to deal. It is thus easy to understand the interest which Whitman's effort aroused among serious students, and not easy to overstate its historical importance. He came into a bookish world, the literature of which, as Turgenev complained, smelt altogether too much of literature; and what he offered had at least this one merit, that it carried with it, not the musty odour of the library, but the fresh and pungent smell of life itself. Therein lay the secret of its appeal to men like Symonds and Stevenson, who, weary of the sophistications of an over-civilised age, had come, as Symonds himself confessed, to care more and more about nature, and less and less about art. But while we recognise to the full the significance of Whitman's work, we cannot go with those who proclaim it a new gospel in literature. It contains in wonderful wealth and

variety the raw materials of a great democratic poetry, but it gives us little of that poetry as an accomplished fact. There is nothing final about it; it is marred by the unripeness and over-emphasis of a too aggressively conceived purpose: it does not even point the true way for "the poets to come." It is an experiment, which must in the main be pronounced unsuccessful: yet one made permanently interesting by virtue of the raciness and virility of the personality of which it everywhere bears the impress.

FOR DULL WEATHER

A Book for a Rainy Day; or, Recollections of the Events of the Years 1766-1833. By JOHN THOMAS SMITH. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by WILFRED WHITTEN. (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. WHITTEN may be congratulated on having rescued from oblivion one of those delightful books that are good to pick up at any time, though they do not belong to the higher walks of literature. "Rainy Day" Smith was evidently a man after his own mind, for Mr. Whitten himself partakes a little of the character. He, too, has an insatiable curiosity about old and new London. He delights in oddities of life and character, and it should not be forgotten that he is the Bard who sang the "joy and beauty of Bloomsbury." Our business now, however, is more with "Rainy Day" Smith than with his Editor, and Smith's claims to attention cannot be more fitly described than they were by himself in a friend's album:

I can boast of seven events, some of which great men would be proud of:

I received a kiss when a boy from the beautiful Mrs. Robinson;
Was patted on the head by Dr. Johnson;
Have frequently held Sir Joshua Reynolds's spectacles;
Partook of a pint of porter with an elephant;
Saved Lady Hamilton from falling when the melancholy news arrived of Lord Nelson's death;
Three times conversed with King George the Third;
And was shut up in a room with Mr. Kean's lion.

If to be a cockney is a reproach, then J. T. Smith was open to it, for he was actually born in a London hackney coach, on the evening of June 23, 1766. The story of his life abounds with quaint little pictures of the manners and customs that have passed away.

We wonder how many people could explain what is meant when he relates that:

At the age when most children place things on their heads and cry "Hot pies!" I displayed a black pudding upon mine, which my mother, careful soul, had provided for its protection in case I should fall.

What was a black pudding? Smith says it was made of a long narrow piece of black silk or satin, padded with wadding, and then formed to the head according to the taste of the parent, or similar to that of little Rubens. In a note we are told that

Nollokens, the sculptor, highly approved of puddings for children, and would say, "Ay now, what's your name?" "Mrs. Rapworth, sir." "Well, Mrs. Rapworth, you have done right; I wore a pudding when I was a little boy, and all my mother's children wore puddings."

The only way in which it is possible to give any idea of the book is by extract, as the author makes little or no attempt at continuity, but jumps from one subject to another, as his mind inclines. He had a certain turn for sarcasm. In 1772, his mother, who was in a declining state of health, was recommended to rise early, and take milk at the cow-house. Smith was her companion, and they got to the country by passing Portland Chapel, after which there were fields all the way on either side. They went past a little public house, called "The Queen's Head and Artichoke," which, our Editor informs us, was a rural tavern and tea-garden, in Marylebone Park; a little beyond a nest of small houses was another turn which also opened into fields and gardens. After describing this resort, Smith goes on to say:

In these rural retreats the tenant was usually seen on Sunday evening in a bright scarlet waistcoat, ruffled shirt, and silver shoe-buckles, comfortably taking his tea with his family, honouring a Seven-Dial friend with a nod on his peregrination to the famed Wells of Kilburn.

Among other scenes described by Smith is the execution of the famous highwayman Rann, commonly called "Sixteen-string Jack," of whom Dr. Johnson wrote that: "Sixteen-string Jack towered above the common mark." He went as gaily to his death as a certain hero of Robert Burns, dressed in a coat of bright pea-green, and wearing an immense nosegay, received from the hand of one of the frail sisterhood, whose practice it was to present flowers to their favourites from the steps of St. Sepulchre's.

In the course of his remarks concerning the year 1778, Smith relates that Charles Townley gave him half a guinea to purchase paper and chalk, and this led to an incident which is worth quoting, as is every contemporary account of the great lexicographer:

This kindness was followed up by Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was then sitting for his bust. The Doctor, after looking at my drawing, then at the bust I was copying, put his hand heavily upon my head, pronouncing "Very well, very well." Here I frequently saw him, and recollect his figure and dress with tolerable correctness. He was tall, and must have been, when young, a powerful man; he stooped, with his head inclined to the right shoulder; heavy brows, sleepy eyes, nose very narrow between the eye-brows, but broad at the bottom; lips enormously thick; chin, wide and double. He wore a stock and wristbands; his wig was what is called a "Bushy," but often wanted powder. His hat, a three-cornered one; coats, one a dark mulberry, the other brown, inclining to the colour of Scotch snuff, large brass or gilt buttons; black waistcoat and small-clothes—sometimes the latter were corduroy; black stockings, large easy shoes, with buckles; his gait was wide and awkwardly sprawling; latterly he used a hooked walking-stick, in consequence of his having saved the life of a young man as he was crossing from Queenhithe to Bankside.

Art and the theatre are rivals with London for the author's attention, and we may say here that Mr. Whitten has been most fortunate in securing appropriate illustrations. These consist partly of portraits, partly of prints representing London and its people in the olden time.

We can easily imagine Smith, with his curious eye, going prowling about London, ever ready to hear, or to see, some new thing. He goes to an execution, and is horrified, but describes every incident with the greatest minuteness; and he seldom missed an opportunity of adding to his experiences, so that we can very well understand what became almost a catchword with him: "What I tell you is the fact, and sit down, and I'll tell ye the whole story." One of these stories is so illustrative of the character of the man, that we cannot forbear quoting his account of it; he and "a good-tempered friend of mine," had taken it into their heads to perambulate Bartholomew Fair, where one of the chief attractions was a strong man, whose performance they went in to see. The Young Hercules, or Patagonian Samson, made an offer that, if any four or five of the audience would give him sixpence, he would carry them all together round the booth, in the form of a pyramid. This was an offer that Smith could not possibly refuse and:

after two other persons had advanced, the fine fellow threw off his velvet cap surmounted by its princely crest, stripped himself of his other gewgaws, and walked most majestically, in a flesh-coloured elastic dress, to the centre of the amphitheatre, when four chairs were placed round him, by which my friend and I ascended, and, after throwing our legs across his lusty shoulders, were further requested to embrace each other, which we no sooner did, cheek-by-jowl, than a tall skeleton of a man, instead of standing upon a small wooden ledge fastened to Samson's girdle, in an instant leaped on his back, with the agility of a boy who pitches himself upon a post too high to clear, and threw a leg over each of our shoulders; as for the other chap (for we could only muster four) the Patagonian took him up in his arms. Then, after Mr. Merryman had removed the chairs, as he had not his full complement, Samson performed his task with an ease of step most stately, without either the beat of a drum, or the waving of a flag.

It would be easy to go on quoting a thousand equally interesting passages from this delightful book, but we must be content to recommend our readers to look at it for themselves.

THE WOOL-GATHERER

WHERE hast thou been in the wind and rain?
"Gathering wool on a far plain.

"Four shepherds keep those flocks afar
In pastures where no hedgerows are.

"They give no tithe, they take no hire,
They warm their hands at no man's fire.

"When one has driven the flocks all day,
At no far fold they make their stay.

"For one comes hot-foot o'er the plain
And drives them hurrying back again.

"Though the yield should fill the world's wains full,
Never to market comes the wool.

"They cast it all, those wastrel herds,
To naked stars and screaming birds.

"It makes no rug nor coat of frieze;
It makes men shrouds in stormy seas."

C. FOX SMITH.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

III. BOOKS FOR SMALL CHILDREN—I

FROM Messrs. Jack we have received two very handsome volumes which make their appeal to children of either sex and of any age—the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." To the Lambs' Tales Mr. Norman Price has supplied many admirable and charming illustrations, which are beautifully reproduced in colour. Mr. Byam Shaw's illustrations to the Bunyan are no less praiseworthy: "The Gospel Sprinkler" and "Christian before Discretion" are delightful, and Mr. Byam Shaw has been more successful than most artists with Appleyon.

Of tales of animal life, Messrs. Cassell's "Natural History for Young People" (6s. net) is excellent. Mr. Bonson has employed only simple words, and many anecdotes showing the intelligence of animals are given, together with gleanings from history, myth and legend.—Mr. William J. Long is one of the best of modern writers on animal life, and we have nothing but praise for his latest book, "Northern Trails" (Ginn, 7s. 6d.), illustrated by Charles Copeland. He is careful and accurate in his observation and in his writing, he is a lover of nature, and his books show considerable knowledge and a sympathetic insight into the habits of the birds and beasts and fishes of which he writes. The trails will lead the reader away up the mountains and among the woods and salmon rivers and mossy grounds of Labrador and Newfoundland, bring him face to face with white wolf and polar bear, and teach him many things unknown before: how, for instance, the Arctic wolf spares the bull caribou which attacks him wantonly, and how the salmon climb the falls they cannot jump. There is a charm about Mr. Long's book that few writers for children attain.—Miss Violet Hunt's "The Cat" (Black, 6s.) will delight all cat-lovers. As the editor remarks, "Loki is a real cat in more senses than one," and those who follow his life-story will find themselves better able to understand their own cats than they were before.—Another volume in Messrs. Black's Animal Autobiographies is Mr. Perry Robinson's "The Black Bear" (6s.). It is less interesting than Miss Hunt's book, but readers will find amusement in the adventures of the black bear, his sister Kahwa, and his wife Wooffa.—Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts tells of the adventures of Red Fox in the Ringwaak Wilds and of his final triumph over the enemies of his kind, with a skill that should ensure for his "Red Fox"

(Duckworth, 6s. net) a considerable success. Mr. Charles Livingston Bull's illustrations are charming.—"Nature's Nursery," by H. W. Shepheard-Walwyn (Hutchinson, 6s.), is an attempt on the part of a very self-conscious man to write down to the level of the child-mind. The author, the title-page informs us, is "M.A., F.R. Met. Soc., F.Z.S., F.E.S., etc.;" but he has no sense of the fitness of things, or he would see the ludicrous side of a book which, after the inane headings, "Lesser Beasts" and "Bigger Beasts," introduces French and Latin phrases. We wonder Mr. Walwyn—we beg his pardon, Mr. Shepheard-Walwyn—did not add, as a sub-title: "For Little Kiddies."—In "Adventures in Pondland" (Hutchinson, 5s.) Mr. Frank Stevens has contrived to impart a great deal of information about the animal life of a pond in an acceptable form. There are about seventy illustrations in the book, some good, some indifferent, some amusing.—From Messrs. Nelson we have received "A Naturalist's Holiday," by Edward Step. The author tells us that his book is "The result of idle hours on the Cornish Coast." A perusal of it suggests that they were particularly profitable hours.—"Peterkins: the Story of a Dog" (Lane, 3s. 6d.) is Mrs. John Lane's translation of Ossip Schubin's "Peterl." There are numerous illustrations by Cottington Taylor.—In Mr. Symes Mr. G. G. Desmond has found an illustrator who can catch the spirit of the narrative, and his pictures in "The Stoat Pack" (Alston Rivers, 5s.) are as excellent as the adventures related by Mr. Desmond.—Lady Ridley's "The Sparrow with One White Feather" (Smith, Elder, 6s. net), illustrated by Mr. Adrian Hope, shows fine insight into the child mind. It is a delightful book, and deserves much more space than we can spare it.—Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's work is always sure of a welcome, and we think his latest volume, "Woodmyth and Fable" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s. net), will be accorded a warm one. The text is good and frequently amusing, as in "A Knotty Problem": "The line between business and robbery has never yet been clearly defined," said the Blue Jay, as he swallowed the egg of the Robin, who was off hunting for worms."

Miss Myra Hamilton's "Kingdoms Curious" (Heinemann, 5s.) is perhaps the best of the fairy books this year. "The Conclusion Jumper" reveals a Hans Andersen touch, and "The Seeds of Harmony" might, we think, have been introduced into a collection of his fancies without the general reader detecting the difference. There are fourteen other stories, all of them good.—From the De la More Press we have received "Gammer Grethel's Fairy Tales" (5s.), with Cruikshank's illustrations and an introduction by Laurence Housman.—Mr. A. D. M'Cormick has supplied a number of excellent illustrations to Mr. Hudson's pretty fancy, "A Little Boy Lost" (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.). Martin, the little boy lost, is the son of an aged carpenter who grew tired of England and went on a voyage of many thousand miles. One day Martin wandered away from home, and commenced to chase the mirage. We leave our youthful readers to follow him.—It is not only at Christmas that the inhabitants of the nursery

Hasten to the shelf where hang
The books of Mr. Andrew Lang:

but Christmas never passes without a new volume being added to that shelf. This year the addition is "The Red Romance Book" (Longmans, 6s.), and it is full of the kind of entertainment always provided by its compiler. Already we hear its readers praying to the fairies to

keep unharmed and well
From ogre's maw and witch's spell,
From genie's clutch and dragon's fang,
The kind magician, Andrew Lang.

After appearing in Why, in Fog-land, in London, and in Wallypug-land, that deservedly famous gentleman, the Wallypug, has been taken by Mr. Farrow to the moon. ("The Wallypug in the Moon, or His Badjesty," Pearson, 5s.). Thither all happy children who are friends of his may follow him by means of the tickets provided by

Mr. Alan Wright in the shape of attractive illustrations.—There is a fund of humour in the pages of Mr. Ascott R. Hope's "The Adventures of Punch" (Black, 6s. net), and Mr. Stephen Bagehot de la Bere's illustrations are amusing.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

MODERN IRISH

I NEED not trouble any one by explaining how I became possessed of a pamphlet entitled "Pleusgadh na Bulgóide, or the Bursting of the Bubble." I will merely mention that I did not buy it, and should consider the smallest coin of the realm thrown away on it. The work is bilingual, partly in something purporting to be Irish, and partly in English—of a certain kind. It is described as a Comedy, and the author's name is given as An Craobhín Aoibhinn. It is no secret that this is the name signed to his Irish compositions by Doctor Douglas Hyde. Homer now and then says of some hero or other: "The gods call him This, but mortals call him That." I suppose, finding the name of Douglas Hyde, LL.D., in my College Calendar, that this is what mortals call our author—I decline to spell again the name he no doubt hears from the gods. To return to his Comedy; it purports to set forth the conversation of certain Fellows and professors of the Bubble College, in Common Room assembled. In passing I may remark that on the title-page there is a footnote by the translator to the effect that the word *bulgóid*, "bubble," bears a suspicious resemblance to *Trionóid*, "Trinity." More suspicious still is the resemblance between every name in the list of *dramatis personæ* and the name of one or other of the Fellows or professors of Trinity College, Dublin. Of course they are all spelt Irish fashion—Mac Eathfaidh, which the translator is good enough to transliterate into Magaffy; Mac ui Tráill, which becomes Mac Ee Thraule, and is translated "Son of the Slave," and so on. Finally, the i's are dotted and the t's crossed in the appendix by quotations from magazine articles, Royal Commission evidence, and so forth, the names of Mahaffy, Gwynn, Atkinson, and others being given *en toutes lettres*. In a word, the so-called "Comedy" is a lampoon, neither more nor less.

The plot is not difficult to summarise. Magaffy and other Fellows and professors are assembled in the Common Room of the Bubble College, and are declaiming against the study of Irish. To them enters An t Sean Bhean Bhocht—the Poor Old Woman, otherwise the Genius of Ireland. She lays a spell on them, so that they can speak nothing but Irish, though apparently they can understand English still. Then enter the Viceroy and his staff, who are utterly bewildered by the reception they meet, and go away calling out "Treason" and "Police." The Poor Old Woman then comes back and takes off the spell, but curses the Bubble and all that are in it or of it. Magaffy, dreading that he shall no more be received at Court, faints in the arms of Mac Ee Thraule. Curtain!

This lampoon would not have called for notice, but that it suggests a topic which really is worth discussing.

Is there the faintest chance of success in the movement for the revival of Irish? Dr. Douglas Hyde thinks there is, and, because he thinks so, he lampoons all who think differently. Mr. Stephen Gwynn thinks there is, and in his delightful little volume, "To-day and To-morrow in Ireland," pleads in the purest and most attractive of English for the revival of Irish. But the revivalists have gone out of their way to enhance the difficulties of their own task. Because ancient Irish was written in a peculiar black letter—which, by the way, is of Gothic origin and in no wise specifically Irish—the revivalists must needs print their books in imitation of mediæval manuscript. Irish has not been a written language since, probably, the sixteenth century. I do not deny that English rule may have

been the cause of this; though I do happen to know that in India, where the study of the vernaculars is encouraged under English rule and is actually compulsory on Government officials, the vernaculars are rapidly ceasing to be written languages. In Wales, the Welsh language is written and printed in Roman letters. I am not sure about Scottish Gaelic, which indeed seems to have disappeared as a written language about the same time that Irish did. I may remark that nobody in Scotland wants to revive Scottish Gaelic, any more than anybody in Cornwall wants to revive Cornish. Why, oh why, is there not a Cornish or a Scottish Craobhín Aoibhinn?

And this leads to a second point. Besides clinging to the mediæval black-letter alphabet, the revivalist clings to the ancient and absurd spelling. Who would believe that Craobhín Aoibhinn is really and truly pronounced Creeveen Eevin? An American humorist is said to have described an English name as written Cholmondeley, spelt Marjoribanks and pronounced Mainwaring. Something of the same sort would seem to apply to Dr. Hyde's Irish pen-name. Then there is a worthy alderman of Dublin, who until the epoch of the Gaelic revival was content to call himself Cole; but now he paints "Mac Cumhaill" on his carts—in the so-called Gaelic letters (really Gothic) into the bargain. Some Dublin police magistrates are stupid enough or West Britannic enough to object to this and actually to fine the alderman and distrain his goods—but that is another story.

I have sometimes thought that the rule of Irish spelling, which requires a slender vowel to be balanced in a succeeding syllable by another slender vowel, and a broad vowel by a broad one, may have been invented by the learned men of old time to keep letters out of the reach of the vulgar. I know that this is true of the characters in the Devanagari and other Sanskrit alphabets, which have been facetiously described as latch-keys run mad. The obscurity of the Hebrew alphabet has been attributed to the same cause. It may be fairly surmised that such a perversion as *Trionóid* for *Trinitas* can hardly be explained in any other way. Mr. Stephen Gwynn has indeed affirmed that a man familiar with the Irish system can say how any Irish word that he sees written should be pronounced. To me the statement seems amazing—but then I am not familiar with the system. Besides, there is the converse to be considered. Does the Irish system help one who hears a word pronounced to write it so that others will pronounce it as he has heard it? The question is a very pertinent one. Modern Irish requires the transliteration of a good deal of English and of other languages. Let us see how Dr. Hyde goes about this. I take the work before me, because I think it affords a test which enables us to judge the revivalist out of his own mouth. In his list of characters there is a Doctor, and he spells the word "Dochtúir." The Irish peasant certainly says "doctor," so I suppose that is what Dochtaur Hyde wishes his readers to say. Why the word should not be simply written Doctor passes my understanding. Lower down I find "professors" represented by "profiosúr." Here the rule of "slender with slender" is violated. It should be "proifiosúr." The "i" in the middle syllable is essential to the sound, and therefore requires a silent "i" interpolated in the first. The omission can hardly be a misprint. Dr. Hyde surely corrected his proofs. I had almost conjectured that obviously foreign words might be exceptions—but the "o" in the second syllable is manifestly meant to balance the "u" in the final syllable, so as to obey the rule "broad with broad." Besides, at page 7 the word "papers" is transliterated as "páipéaraidh," thus complying with both clauses of the rule. The only other transliterated words I have discovered in the book are Seomra, "chamber," Teanga, "tongue," and Colaiste, "college." The last must have been transliterated from English, not from Latin, as in the latter case the "g" would have been hard. The sounds of "c" and "g" are hard in all Irish words directly transliterated from Latin. Seomra is absolutely grotesque as representing either the English "chamber" or the

French "chambre." Anyhow, it is not a transliteration of "camera." Teanga, "tongue," is pure Saxon. Is there, then, no Gaelic for the tongue as a bodily organ? Is there no Gaelic word that means "language"? Why must "tongue" be borrowed, and borrowed from Saxon, of all sources? I might, if I chose, claim birréada, "caps," as a transliteration of the Italian *biretta*, but I prefer to stick to English words obviously transplanted into modern Irish.

It is only a slight digression to ask why the translator renders Mac ui Tráill by "Son of the Slave." The word "thrall" is not Gaelic. Had that to be borrowed too? Or is it possible that, as the authors of "Rejected Addresses" might have put it, when we pull off the translator's mask, we discover the cloven foot of the lampoonist?

A curious object-lesson is afforded by the transliteration of English personal names into Irish. It is all the more interesting because, with an infinitesimal number of exceptions, every Christian name borne by Irishman or Irish woman is English, or has come through English. To put the ladies first, every one would say in reply to a sudden question that Sheelah is a native Irish name. Not a bit of it! The name is Cecily, transliterated Sighile. Norah, again, is Honoria, or Honora, which is not Irish. I do not like to commit myself about Bridget, which may be a transliteration of Brigid, though I suspect it is the other way. At any rate, these are the only names which can set up a colourable claim to be Irish—and two of them are certainly not.

The case is far more flagrant when men's names are concerned. I need not analyse the transmutation which Patrick has suffered. Suffice it that the name is Latin, not Irish. Patricius was a descriptive epithet, not a personal name. I may admit that it is one of the few names which came direct into Irish from Latin, without passing through English, French or some other intermediate dialect. But what is to be said of such names as Charles, James, and John, which came through French and English? Charles, as every one knows, is the Teutonic Karl, Latinised Carolus and in French softened into the sibilant Charles. James has a more chequered history still. Beginning as Hebrew Yakub, it appears in Greek as Ιάκωβος, then in Latin as Jacobus, which in French is cut down into Jacques, but which must have reached England through the Italian Giacomo. Some French wit said that in philology "les voyelles ne font rien et les consonnes fort peu de chose." Certainly this is true of an etymology which turns Yakub into Seumas, Johannes into Seaghan, and Karl into Searlus or Seorluis.

These facts seem to suggest that in attempting to graft the modern patois on to ancient Irish, the revivalists run the risk of making themselves and their scheme ridiculous. Irish is dead and cannot be revived. Of its value as a literary language, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*—which has been impolitely paraphrased "the world has made up its mind not to care a pin." Whether Dr. Douglas Hyde and Mr. Stephen Gwynn are sound judges of the prospective utility of modern Irish in practical life, I know not—but Mr. Gwynn at any rate is not particularly hopeful. The purport of the whole of his book, "To-day and To-morrow," is that a prosperous, business-like, commercial Ireland would be a vulgarised Ireland. I myself have had some experience of Eastern languages into which English words have been foisted—and the effect is far from pleasant.

In conclusion I will remind the indignant revivalist that the Bubble is a very tough bubble. It has lasted upwards of three centuries. James II. tried to burst it, and failed. Ninety-eight tried to burst it, and failed. It gave to literature and to history Swift, Berkeley, Burke, Goldsmith, Moore and hundreds of others, who made Ireland illustrious without speaking a sentence of Gaelic or writing a line to be printed in pseudo-Gaelic black letter.

EDWARD STANLEY ROBERTSON.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Literature and Social Aims," by T. Sturge Moore.]

FICTION

A Lame Dog's Diary. By S. MACNAUGHTAN. (Heinemann, 6s.)

We have never been able to decide which of two points of view is the most tiresome and unreal: the sugary optimism that turns its eyes from the ills of life, or the pessimism that throws a searchlight on its cruelties and follies. The two extremes are common. The uncommon spirit is the one revealed by the author of "Christina M'Nab," an amusing story that hardly prepared the way for the deeper excellence of its successor. For the present volume reveals rare qualities of mirth, tenderness and insight. All the foibles, all the absurdities of a quiet country neighbourhood are set before us, and laughter is irresistible, as irresistible as affection for the little company of people presented. The Jamiesons are one of the most delightful families ever secured to us in fiction, and, like some of the gentlemen who courted the daughters, we hesitate to say which member of it is our favourite. We are fond of Kate, who married the man with a conical head and had a happy home in a suburban villa. It is very characteristic of the author to see both the oddities of such a household, and the affection that makes the romance of unadventurous lives. But Kate is only one chosen at haphazard from a gallery of amusing and lovable people. The few who are not lovable are amusing, and we wish we had space here for Mr. Swynnerton's views of marriage. The dialogue is witty and we believe that Mrs. Fielden was as charming as the Lame Dog thought her. The author has succeeded with his heroine as well as with the rest of his cast.

Different Drummers. By EVELYNE E. RYND. (Newnes, 3s. 6d.)

"IF a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer," wrote Thoreau, and in her new volume Miss Evelyne Rynd gives some striking examples of the motives that influence a variety of people. The stories are quite out of the ordinary run; they are the work of a fine and sensitive mind, keen and quick to note the salient points of a scene or a character, yet never failing in sympathetic insight, and kindly tolerance of human weakness. In the rustic tales more particularly, she discloses a fund of gentle humour, and of this vein "John's Son John," "Fanny Rebecca" and "Rufus, Sed Regina," are delightful examples. The story of "Fanny Rebecca" is in its way a triumph in the art of conveying delicate shades of meaning, changes of mood, and intricacies of feeling; it is such a thoroughly human story, so perfectly balanced, that even the amiable curate's half a dozen sentences add something to the reader's enjoyment of the situation. "Sania," the homesick Russian schoolgirl, with her passionless face and passionate voice that moved everyone but herself, and her impenetrable silence is, we imagine, a study from life; and the end, as it is given here, leaves us with a strong desire to know more of her history. Was she, after all, a genius, or simply hopelessly stupid from grief and despair? The strangely cruel and narrow-minded aunt in "Rosellen" is the least convincing character in the book; probability is strained too far in order to justify a want of courage and honesty in Rosellen. It is a tale of strong emotions, of conflict between love and religion, in which the victory goes to Father Ambrose after his merciless fight for Rosellen's soul for the glory of his Church. In all these nine stories we follow "different drummers"; not one trenches upon the borders of another, each has its appropriate setting and atmosphere. "Rosellen," and "John's Son John," "Larli," and "Fanny Rebecca," form two of the strongest contrasts in matter and manner; and the reader's interest is stimulated by a variety of incident and character to the last page. Throughout, the author shows ability of no mean order; she has a crisp, epigrammatic style, perfectly natural and unaffected, an instinct for the right word, and in fine, the true literary touch.

Dan the Dollar. By SHAN F. BULLOCK. (Maunsel, 6s.)

MESSRS. MAUNSEL have made a good start with "Dan the Dollar." In a country where the lines of cleavage are so deeply drawn as they are in Ireland, it is difficult to avoid taking sides. Mr. Bullock's impartial outlook is proportionately admirable. His Dan the Dollar, who, after twenty years' absence in America, returns to his old home in county Fermanagh, the possessor of a fortune, finds much in the happy-go-lucky ways of the population which he would like to alter. He refrains, however, from throwing in his lot with either political faction. Instead, he devotes his money to improving the town of Lismatee, and tries (with very imperfect success) to make Orange and Green fraternise even over outdoor amusements. He is a less attractive figure than some of the humble folks whom his activity fills with astonishment. Felix and Sarah Ruddy, his parents, and Mary and Phelim, their adopted children, whose combined efforts to make both ends meet on the farm of Shrake are on the point of ending in disaster when Dan arrives upon the scene, embody, in their strongly contrasted personalities, most of the predominant characteristics of the Irish peasants of the present time. Felix, the born idler; Protestant Sarah, who bears the burden of life for him; Mary, who lives in a world of Catholic devotion and austerity; Phelim, whose inner life is passed in the half-light of Celtic legend—how are these persons affected by contact with Dan the Dollar? An adequate reply to that question can only be furnished by Mr. Bullock's own pages, and it is well worth while to seek it there. It is in the interaction of temperaments so divergent that the chief interest of the story, as a story, lies. But this book is something more than a story. "Dan the Dollar" is a genuine contribution to the sociological study of Irish affairs.

FINE ART

MR. HUNT AND PRE-RAPHAELISM

Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. By W. HOLMAN HUNT. 2 vols. (Macmillan, 42s. net.)
The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. By J. E. PHYTHIAN. The Art Library. (Newnes, 8s. 6d. net.)

IT seems to me now—and it has always seemed to me—a thousand pities that ever anything should be written of the personal side of Movements. Here is an Affair, an interworking of spirits choice enough or unusual enough: here are seven men. Now to draw to the life, to analyse the psychology of, really to portray, any one man is a task for a literary artist: minutely to examine, to weigh the motives of, or to judge, any seven men is one that a very great literary artist might quail before. A regular tag-rag and bobtail of literary and æsthetic hangers-on—I myself being of the number—have fallen upon the Remains of this Movement—and the results have been sad enough. There have been Official Biographies: there have been Memoirs weighty with facts: there have been Monographs responsible and irresponsible—and there is nothing. If, say, a novelist with the genius, the light hand, the tender irony, the buoyant spirits of Mr. George Meredith—*quaque ipse miserrima vidit*—could only have treated this motive! Then there might have been a book. But as it is . . .

Of these seven Pre-Raphaelites Woolner had a life that might have been worth writing for its vicissitudes: Rossetti had a fascinating, if rather obvious personality, that might repay analysis. The other five painted or did not paint, wrote or did not write and were quite private persons. . . . But there have been the Biographies: the Memoirs: the Monographs—there have been all the Remains; so who can grudge to Mr. Holman Hunt—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—his particular stone in the heap that has been cast to raise a barrow over dead bones? There has been a vast amount of misrepresentation of the

parts men took; there have been misrepresentations of their views and of their actions; and it was very fitting that the oldest and greatest, and moreover the only true and consistent Pre-Raphaelite of them all, should give his views of the deeds that were done, the thoughts that were thought, the words that were uttered by that remarkable Seven and by the much less remarkable seven times seven who were their disciples, their hangers-on, the inheritors of their mantles, or their mere toadies. Mr. Hunt has stated his views with a certain literary grace that is pleasant to find: he has taken his own part with a great vigour and has said trenchant things with a refreshing incisiveness. I differ from his account of several incidents; but since I do not see why the dead past should not be allowed to bury its dead, I am little inclined to hunt in drawers for old letters that are much better burnt. What, after all, does it matter where three of the Brethren were on the night of — the —th, 18—? And what does it matter what they there resolved upon?

What does matter is that the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is a very remarkable picture, or that the *Lost Sheep* is one that, with its vivid colours and its brilliant visualisation, still stirs us to enthusiasms of delight or of repulsion. And, once upon a time there were seven more or less English young men full of life and of spirits. These seven young men at differing but at nearly the same times, felt, as it were a malaise, the stiffening, deadening spirit of their age. Looking about for a leader they found none in the flesh, but they found inspiration in the paintings of other men who had, long before, once upon a time, been young, leaderless and keen-eyed. They cried out (and it does not really much matter who cried it out first, since the spirit of the words was in the men): "Here are our leaders!"—and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Lorenzo and Isabella* and the "blessed white eyesore" that was called *The Annunciation* were the results of the logical deductions that they drew from the works of those leaders. That is all very young, fine, inspired and what the Germans call "gemüthlich."

One of the painters lived to call his youthful exercise just—"a blessed white eyesore": another lived to produce thrills of satisfaction in crowds. The former of these two lived also to make another school, which was called Pre-Raphaelite. It should more justly have been styled Mediaeval-Æsthetic, since the "note" of the one Pre-Raphaelism, as shown in *Found* or in the *Soul's Awakening* was Mid-Victorian and not quattrocentist. The Æsthetic movement made, in the world, a much greater stir; it was much more derivative and much less sincere. It had in consequence less significance, since it attempted nothing more than to rivet a certain dead fashion upon its living age. But the earlier Brotherhood—those seven men, Holman Hunt, the two Rossettis, Millais, Woolner, Mr. F. G. Stephens and Collinson or Deverel—those seven men attempted a thing much greater, a thing that was nothing less than to determine what are the eternal principles of Realism. They failed, of course, since there is no Realism and there are no eternal principles that are humanly discoverable. But one of these seven gallant adventurers lived on and still lives, faithful to the logical deductions that he drew from those dead leaders—the splendid Primitives. His logical deduction was this: "What you see, paint"—and Mr. Holman Hunt has painted what he saw. He has painted it through neglect, through periods of fame, through periods of oblivion—till, of late, he has been once more very much in our midst.

What he has seen he has painted; he has "fudged" nothing; he has "pulled" nothing "together": he has employed no tricks; so that nowadays his is a figure almost monachal and surely ascetic in an age not very true to its very different ideals. He has not seen "atmosphere," therefore his pictures have no atmosphere: he has not seen, at the edges of flesh, the delightful shimmer and play of light that so beautifies the Velasquez now at Messrs. Agnew's in Bond Street: so Mr. Hunt has painted—as did the painters of the Brotherhood—flesh with a hard and definite

outline as if in truth nature cut its men and women, its leaves, its draperies and its stones out of paper. But so Mr. Hunt has seen his world, and we are thankful to him—and the Brethren—for having given us a vision so definite, even if that vision serve only as a "jumping-off place" for a new departure. Sincerity is, after all, a very great virtue: when you add to it a poetic vision and a great power of rendering you make the very great artist. How far the Brotherhood had these three qualities we are yet, it seems to me, too near them to be very certain. But sincerity they certainly had—and the fault may be in our lack of poetic vision and our failure to appreciate their power of rendering, if we are, for the time being, a little cold to their achievements.

Mr. Hunt's two volumes contain several books rolled into one. There is the disquisition, the skilful splitting of hairs as to who was the first Pre-Raphaelite. And, speaking as one representative of what Mr. Hunt calls the "Brown-Rossetti centre," I will say at once that Mr. Hunt was not only the first, but the only, Pre-Raphaelite. (Madox Brown tried to evolve a Realism of his own before Mr. Hunt had begun to paint, but that particular Realism was not Mr. Hunt's any more than it was Claude Monet's or Pointillist or Impressionist.) In this part of Mr. Hunt's book one does get the impression that D. G. Rossetti irritated Mr. Hunt and Sir J. Millais—and, no doubt, to many persons he was irritating. Perhaps he did get more than his share of the loaves and fishes. But what does it matter? Rossetti did good work; Millais did good work; so did Mr. Hunt. But Mr. Hunt's volumes contain also a delightful book on Travel in Palestine, and another on the celebrated people that he has met; and, where he is content to write without trying to prove that D. G. R. was a mean self-seeker, he writes, as I have said, with a grace and a vigour that, I don't know quite why, suggest to me the works of George Borrow.

Mr. Phythian has not, of course, had Mr. Hunt's opportunities—but neither has he had Mr. Hunt's reasons for introducing minute and bewildering details. So that I should imagine that the uninitiated public would do best to begin any study of the matter with Mr. Phythian, who writes with a sober accuracy, and has chosen his illustrations skilfully so as to give a very good map of the country. But the loss will be their own if they fail to go on to Mr. Hunt's very delightful two volumes—for whether they care for Pre-Raphaelism or not they would in that way miss much good reading. It should be said that Mr. Hunt's sumptuously illustrated book contains many examples of pictures by Pre-Raphaelites other than Mr. Hunt.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

CORRESPONDENCE

EDGAR ALLAN POE AND HIS COMMENTATORS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—Mr. Ingram seems determined to pick a quarrel. I spoke of his admiration for Poe as being praiseworthy, because it has led him to champion a man who has been reviled beyond his due. Such a championship may be praiseworthy and at the same time indiscriminate. Does Mr. Ingram really take Poe's "Philosophy of Composition" seriously, and does he recommend it as a guide to be followed by the budding poet? If so, he would flood the world with refrains, and poetry must degenerate into "the butter and eggs and a pound of cheese" style of verse so ridiculed by Calverley. What are the "glorious productions" of Tenbyson, Mrs. Browning, Rossetti and Swinburne which make use of the refrain? Such trash as "The May Queen," "The Romaunt of Margret," "Sister Helen," "Faustine"? His selection of names is as "infortuitous" as my arraignment of Mr. Swinburne's judgments on poets and poetry. That this poet's decisions on such matters are comprehensive I readily admit; that they are final or convincing is open to question. As to a poet needing no art, I said "a poet must be a man first and a poet afterwards if he is to make a bid for immortality." Art is not art unless it is true to nature, and the poet who is truest to nature is the finest artist. One need go no further than Shakespeare in support of this argument. Mr. Ingram's assertion "that the better poet a man is the better judge he is of poetry" convicts Poe of being an exceedingly bad poet if we are to

take his criticism of Wordsworth as a criterion of his poetical insight. Mr. Ingram excuses this critique of Poe's as being the words of a youth of twenty-two, but, as Mr. Wallis pointed out, Poe never retracted them. If only a poet is qualified to pass judgment on poetry, I think Mr. Ingram is, as he so politely says of Mr. Wallis, *hors de combat*. He speaks with an air of finality that is amusing in the face of his own theory. As to his contention that the poet and critic are indissoluble, that is his own concern; it was none of mine. The context of my remark, "ready dressed in all its singing robes," was one of metre not expression. Moreover, the polishing process is not always one of improvement. I have read Mr. Ingram's "Life and Letters of Poe" with very real pleasure and appreciation.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

THE HISTORY OF KENT COUNTY CRICKET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—Lord Harris has asked me to assist him in preparing material for an important volume dealing with the history of Kent County Cricket, amongst the prominent contributors being Lord Harris himself, the Hon. H. Knatchbull Hugessen, Mr. Frank Marchant, Mr. J. R. Mason, Mr. W. South Norton, and Mr. W. H. Patterson.

As we are anxious to make this work complete in every respect, may I be allowed through your columns to express the hope that, should any of your readers possess any interesting records, either in the form of old scores, advertisements of matches, prints, or original drawings of prominent cricketers identified with Kent, old engravings of various important cricket grounds in the county, etc., they would very kindly send me particulars to the above address and also say whether they would be willing to lend them to us with a view of their possible reproduction in the book.

I need hardly say that the greatest care will be taken of whatever may be sent and, should we be able to use anything, an acknowledgement of the lender's courtesy will appear in the work.

W. HUGH SPOTTISWOODE.

His Majesty's Printing Office,
6 Middle New Street, Fetter Lane, E.C.,
December 5, 1905.

[Owing to pressure on our space a large number of letters on the subject of Edgar Allan Poe are held over.]

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Hunt, W. Holman. *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*. 2 vols. Macmillan, 42s. net. [See p. 1290.]
The Art of Portrait Painting. By the Hon. John Collier. Cassell, 10s. 6d. net.

[A practical treatise on the art of portrait painting in oil colours. With reproductions from all the chief galleries of Europe.]
Hueffer, Ford Madox. *Hans Holbein the Younger: a critical monograph*. Popular Library of Art. Duckworth, 2s. net.

Symons, Arthur. *Aubrey Beardsley*. New and revised edition. Dent, 6s. net.

London: Vanished and Vanishing. Painted and described by Philip Norman. Black, 20s. net.

Addison, Julia de Wolf. *The Art of the National Gallery*. Bell, 6s. net.
[A critical survey of the schools and painters as represented in the British Collection.]

Wyllie, W. L. *J. M. W. Turner*. British Artists Series. Bell, 7s. 6d. net.
[With four colour and sixty-three other illustrations.]

Phythian, J. Ernest. *The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*. The Art Library. Newnes, 3s. 6d. net. [See p. 1290.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville. Edited by Alice Countess of Strafford. Fourth series. Smith, Elder, 14s.
[From December 1861 to April 1872.]

Buckland, C. E. *Dictionary of Indian Biography*. Swan Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.

Dickinson, Emily Monroe. *A Patriot's Mistake*. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, 10s. 6d. net.

[Personal recollections of the Parnell family, by a daughter of the house.]
The Memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans. Edited by Edward A. Crane. 2 vols. Illustrated. Unwin, 21s. net.

Mottram, William. *The True Story of George Eliot in relation to "Adam Bede"*. Francis Griffiths, 7s. 6d. net.

[Giving the real life-history of the more important characters.]
Payne, George A. *Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford*. Second edition. Clarkson, Griffiths, 3s. 6d. net.

Leaders of the Church, 1800-1900. *Dr. Liddon*. By G. W. E. Russell. Mowbray, 3s. 6d. net.
[This Life—a new volume in the series which began with Dean Church and Bishop Wilberforce—is intended to supplement, in matters of detail, the Rev. J. O. Johnson's "Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon."]

Shaw, A. E. *Michel de l'Hospital and his Policy*. Frowde, 3s. net.
Konkle, Burton Alva. *The Life and Speeches of Thomas Williams, Orator, Statesman and Jurist*. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Campion.

O'Brien, William. *Recollections*. Macmillan, 14s. net.
[A large part of Mr. O'Brien's book is devoted to Charles Stewart Parnell.]

Vedder, Henry C. *Balthasar Hubmaier, the Leader of the Anabaptists*. Putnam's, 6s.
[The latest addition to Messrs. Putnam's "Heroes of the Reformation" series.]

FICTION.

Patronoster, G. Sidney. *The Cruise of the "Conquistador."* The Car Illustrated, 3s. 6d.
 Rice, Alice Hegan. *A Denominational Garden.* Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net.
 Hough, Emerson. *Heart's Desire.* Macmillan, 6s.
 Bailey, H. C. *Beaujeu.* Murray, 6s.
 Major, Charles. *Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy.* Macmillan, 6s.
 Alden, W. L. *Cat Tales.* Illustrated by Louis Wain. Digby, Long, 6s.
 Mott, Lawrence. *Jules of the Great Heart.* Heinemann, 6s.
 Lees, Robert James. *The Life Elysian.* Long, 6s.
 Gull, C. Ranger. *The Price of Pity.* White, 6s.
 Tytler, Sarah. *A Stepmother in Ambush.* Digby, Long, 6s.
 Allonby, Edith. *The Fulfilment.* Greening, 6s.
 Maxwell, H. *The Secretary of State.* Digby, Long, 6s.
 Chambers, Robert W. *The Haunts of Men.* Unwin, 3s. 6d.
 Chamblin, Jean. *Lady Bob, her Brother, and I.* Putnams, 6s.
 Thomas, Annie. *A Pretender.* Digby, Long, 6s.
 Maxwell, Helen. *A Daughter of Thor.* Brown, Langham, 6s.
 Wye, Ina. *Wildcat.* Greening, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Crawford, Francis Marion. *Gleanings from Venetian History.* 2 vols. With 225 illustrations. Macmillan, 21s. net.
 Lowery, Woodbury. *The Spanish Settlements within the Present Limits of the United States: Florida 1562-1574.* Putnams, 10s. 6d. net.
 Weale, B. L. Putnam. *The Re-Shaping of the Far East.* Macmillan, 25s. net.
 Holmen, William Gordon. *The Age of Justinian and Theodora: a history of the sixth century A.D.* Vol. I. Bell, 9s. net.
 Wheeler, Lucy. *Chertsey Abbey: an Existence of the Past.* Preface by Sir Swinfen Lacy. Wells Gardner, 5s.
 [A history of Chertsey Abbey, from its foundation by Erkenwald in the seventh century.]
 Kershaw, P. *Studies in Ancient Persian History.* Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net.
 [The book is intended to lay the foundation of a correct view of ancient Persian history. Mr. Kershaw thinks that Gibbon, Malcolm, and Rawlinson, consciously or unconsciously, betray too much partiality for Greek and Latin writers.]
Collectanea. Fourth Series. Edited by the Committee of the Oxford Historical Society. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

LITERATURE.

The Hundred Best Lyrical Poems in the Latin Language. Selected by J. W. Mackail. Glasgow: Gowans & Gray, 6d. net.
 [An excellent little book of selections, mainly from ancient and classical Latin.]
 MISCELLANEOUS.

Crichton-Browne, Sir James. *The Prevention of Senility, and A Sanitary Outlook.* Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.
 [Two addresses which, the author thinks, "may be deserving of something more than the hebdomadal remembrance that a Congress confers."]
 Richardson, C. F. *The Choice of Books.* Putnams, 5s. net.
 [An attempt to teach the right use of books, the right books to read, and the way to develop all literary taste from childhood to age, etc.]
A Book of Mortals. Collected by A Fellow Mortal (F. A. Steel). Heinemann, 10s. 6d.
 [A "record of the many benefits which mankind has taken thoughtlessly, thanklessly, from the 'lower animals.'"]
The Silly Syclopedia. By Noah Lott. Dean, 3s. 6d. net.
 [A terrible thing in the form of a literary torpedo which is launched for hilarious purposes only. Inaccurate in every particular . . . We need say no more.]
 Marvin, Frederic Rowland. *The Companionship of Books and other Papers.* Putnams, 6s.
Counsels and Ideals from the Writings of William Osler. Frowde, 4s. net.
 Wright, J. C. *In the Good Old Times.* Elliot Stock, 6s. net.
 [Chats about old social customs, etc.]
Admissions and Asides about Life and Literature. By A. St. John Adcock. Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Notes on the Life History of British Flowering Plants. By the Rt. Hon. Lord Avebury. Macmillan, 15s. net.
 [Lord Avebury has tried to supplement the various "Floras" which have already been written, rather than to compete with them: to describe, as he says, points of interest in the life-history of our British plants, and to explain, as far as possible, the reasons for the structure, form and colour, and suggest some of the innumerable problems which remain unsolved.]
 Dunn, Stephen Troyte. *Alien Flora of Britain.* West, Newman & Co.
 [Mr. Dunn's book has grown out of an accumulation of crude notes made before he was called from the Kew Herbarium to take charge of the Botanical and Afforestation Department at Hong Kong.]
The Birds of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight. By J. E. Kelsall and Philip W. Mann. Witherby, 15s. net.

POETRY.

The Shahname of Firdausi. Done into English by Arthur George Warner and Edmond Warner. Vol. I. Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d.
 [The first attempt to give the great Persian epic in English. With a lengthy introduction.]
 Allen, W. Bird. *Love's Fickleness, and other Poems.* T. Sealey Clark.
Indian Poetry. Selections rendered into English verse by Romesh Dutt. Temple Classics. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.
The Love Stories of the East: Layla and Majnun. From the Persian of Nizami. By James Atkinson. Re-edited, with an introduction by L. Cranmer Byng. The Orient Press, 5s. net.
 Sassoon, Alfred. *Llewellyn, and other Poems.* Glasgow: Bryce.
 Henderson, B. W. *At Intervals.* Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.
 Rhys, Ernest. *Lays of the Round Table, and other Lyric Romances.* Dent, 3s. 6d. net.
The Two Arcadias. Plays and Poems by Rosalind Travers. Introduction by Richard Garnett. Brimley Johnson.
 Hollings, F. S. *The Duke of Enghien, and other poems.* Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

A Book for a Rainy Day: Recollections of the Events of the Years 1766-1823. By John Thomas Smith. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Wilfred Whitten. Methuen, 12s. 6d. net. (See p. 1286.)
Justin McCarthy's History of Our Own Times. 3 vols. St. Martin's Library. Chatto & Windus, 2s. net each.
George Sand's La Mare au Diable. Preface by Louis Cornillet. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.
Mrs. Jameson's Shakespeare's Heroines. New edition. Dent, 3s. 6d. net.
Lever's Jack Hinton. Illustrations by Phiz. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.
Wordsworth's Literary Criticism. Edited, with an introduction, by Nowell C. Smith. Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry. Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.
Poems and Extracts chosen by William Wordsworth from the Works of the Countess of Winchilsea and Others for an Album presented to Lady Mary Louther, Christmas, 1819. Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry. Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.
 [Printed literally from the original album, with facsimiles of a portrait of Wordsworth and the dedicatory sonnet.]

Dekker's The Seven Deadly Sins of London: Drawne in Seuen Severall Coaches, Through the Seven Severall Gates of the Citie, bringing the Plague with Them; and Ben Jonson's Under-Woods. Cambridge University Press, £1 1s. net each, paper boards; £1 11s. 6d. net each, velvet calf.

New Collected Rhymes. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, 4s. 6d. net.
The Fancy. By John Hamilton Reynolds. With a prelatory memoir and notes by John Masefield, and thirteen illustrations by Jack B. Yeats. Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY.

Can We Believe? By C. F. Garbett and F. O. T. Hawkes. Preface by the Bishop of Stepney. Masters, 3s. net.
 ["Reasonable words for reasonable men."] Sinclair, William Macdonald. *Difficulties of Our Day.* Griffiths, 3s. net.
 [Sermons delivered at St. Paul's Cathedral.] *The Jataka, or Stories of the Buddha's Former Births.* Translated from the Pali by various hands under the editorship of Professor E. B. Cowell. Vol. V.—translated by H. T. Francis. Cambridge University Press, 15s. 6d. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Libbey, William; and Hoskins, Franklin E. *The Jordan Valley and Petra.* 2 vols. Putnams, 25s.
 Sladen, Douglas; and Lorimer, Norma. *Queer Things about Sicily.* Treherne, 7s. 6d. net.
 Miller, W. *Greek Life in Town and Country.* Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.
 [A sketch of modern Greece, its life, people, and institutions.] Hart, Jerome. *A Levantine Log-Book.* Longmans, 6s. 6d. net.
 Little, Mrs. Archibald. *Round About My Peking Garden.* Unwin, 15s. net.
 Crosby, Oscar Terry. *Tibet and Turkestan.* Putnams, 10s. 6d. net.
 ["A journey through old lands and a study of new conditions."] Hayes, Arthur J. *The Source of the Blue Nile.* Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.
 [A record of a journey through the Sudan to Lake Tsand, in Western Abyssinia, and of the return to Egypt by the valley of the Atbara. With note on the religions, customs, etc., of Abyssinia.] Stubbs, Charles W. *The Story of Cambridge.* Illustrated by Herbert Railton. Medieval Towns series. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.
 Wright, W. H. K. *Picturesque South Devonshire.* The Shire series. Valentine & Sons, 2s. 6d. net.
Highways and Byways in Oxford and the Cotswolds. By Herbert A. Evans. With illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs. Macmillan, 6s.
 [The latest addition to "Highways and Byways" series.] *Rambles in Normandy.* By Francis Milton. With many illustrations by Blanche McManus. Duckworth, 6s. net.
 [The record of a series of rambles in and off the beaten track; with some practical travel-talk, appendices, maps, and plans.]

THE BOOKSHELF

A History of English Philanthropy, by R. Kirkman Gray (P. S. King and Son, 7s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Kirkman Gray has written a valuable book, which, though it carries the story only as far as the end of the eighteenth century, should be read by all who are interested in the most pressing problem of to-day. He starts with the dissolution of the monasteries, when charity passed out of the "immediate direction and tutelage of the Church," and the motive for it began to change from the benefit of the soul of the giver to that of the body of the receiver: with the end of the eighteenth century came the exhaustion of that "voluntaryism" in philanthropy which recent events have shown to be still necessary for the support of the philanthropy which is a matter of national action. We see no reason why Mr. Kirkman Gray, who writes temperately and judiciously, should have held off from the discussion of the thorny paths of nineteenth-century philanthropy; and his treatment of his subject within his self-imposed limits is so sound and good that we venture to hope for an extension of his work which will bring the story down to the problems of to-day.

There is no royal road to the successful management and teaching of the boy; there is even little that the best of the old schoolmasters did not know; but Mr. Bompas Smith in his *Boys and Their Management in School* (Longmans, 2s. 6d. net.) gives the results of years of thoughtful experiment, and few with any real experience in his profession will gainsay his conclusions. Especially do we agree with his straightforward, unfashionable remarks on discipline and punishment; but in the list of books he recommends for the master he might have included (he has indeed mentioned it earlier) "Stalky and Co.," which is a very valuable though modest criticism on "the way not to do it."

NELSON'S NEWEST GIFT BOOKS.

Messrs. Nelson's Gift Books are the work of the **BEST WRITERS OF THE DAY**. They are beautifully produced and are illustrated by the **LEADING ARTISTS**. In nearly all their New Books the pictures are in **COLOURS**, which add to their attractiveness at no increase in cost. The **BRITISH MONTHLY** says: "Probably no firm has established a sounder reputation for the excellence of their literature for the young than Messrs. Nelson"; and the **LITERARY WORLD** adds: "Messrs. Nelson maintain their well-won reputation for boys' and girls' stories".

6/- By SIR W. LAIRD CLOWES and ALAN H. BURGOYNE. **6/-**
A New Book about the Navy. With 20 Illustrations.

TRAFalgar REFOUGHT.

A splendid book for lads, who will find in it a fund of thrilling excitement, whilst gaining much information about the Navy.

At 5/-

SMOULDERING FIRES. EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN'S New Volume. Six Coloured Illustrations by E. Shepard.

THE GHOST OF EXLEA PRIORY. New Story by E. L. HAVERFIELD. Six Coloured Illustrations by Miss N. Tenison.

A KING'S COMRADE. A New and Captivating Historical Romance by C. W. WHISTLER. Six Coloured Illustration by A. F. Skinner.

THE HEIRESS OF AYLEWOOD. By GERALDINE MOCKLER. Six Coloured Illustrations by Miss N. Tenison.

At 3/6

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS. By ELIZA F. POLLARD. Four Coloured Illustration.

IN NORTHERN SEAS. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. New Historical Tale. Four Coloured Illustrations.

A NATURALIST'S HOLIDAY. By EDWARD STEP. Profusely Illustrated.

At 2/6

RED DICKON THE OUTLAW. By TOM BEVAN. Two Coloured Illustrations by Walter Grieve.

FAMOUS SISTERS OF GREAT MEN. By M. KIRLEW. Henrietta Renan, Dorothy Wordsworth, Mary Lamb, and Fanny Mendelssohn.

* * * Write for Complete Catalogue, post free.

T. NELSON & SONS, 35 AND 36 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.
Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York.

Books for Christmas.

A. & F. DENNY have just issued a List of the most Recent and Noteworthy Books of the Season, including Books for Children and for Presents.

Post free on application to

A. & F. DENNY, 147 STRAND, W.C.

Your Library is not complete without

an Atlas. What you want in an Atlas is that it ought to be absolutely accurate and abreast of the times, clear and distinct, with an index to all places for ready reference. These essentials are embodied in

JOHNSTON'S HANDY ROYAL ATLAS

which contains 52 finely-engraved Maps, each measuring 18½ by 14½ inches, beautifully printed in colours on thick plate paper, with an index to 78,000 places, forming a volume 15 by 11 inches, strongly bound in rexine, gilt titles, price 25s.; or handsomely bound in half-morocco, gilt titles and gilt edges, price 37s. 6d.

Dedicated by Special Permission to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

W. & A. K. JOHNSTON, Limited,
EDINBURGH: Edina Works, Easter Road, and 20 St. Andrew Street,
LONDON: 7 Paternoster Square, E.C.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Shakespeare's Poems and the Play of Pericles.

Collotype Reproductions, with Introductions and Bibliography

By Sidney Lee.

In One or Five Volumes.

The Letters of Horace Walpole

Chronologically Arranged and Edited by
Mrs. Paget Toynbee.

In 16 Volumes.

The special offers will be withdrawn on Monday, the 11th inst., but all orders which reach the Booksellers up to noon on that day will be accepted.

THE PLAYS & POEMS OF ROBERT GREENE.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by J. CHURTON COLLINS, Litt.D. 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, with 7 Facsimile Title-Pages, 18s. net.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

A New and Verbatim Text from the Manuscript, Engraved, and Letter-press Originals. With Variorum Readings and Bibliographical Notes and Prefaces by JOHN SAMPSON. 8vo, cloth, paper label, 10s. 6d. net. [Next week.]

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. Edited by GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, D.C.L. With brief Memoir of Dr. Birkbeck Hill by his Nephew, HAROLD SPENCER SCOTT, M.A. 3 vols., 8vo, cloth, £1 16s. net; leather back, £2 2s. net. [Ready immediately.]

THE WORKS OF LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA.

Complete, with exceptions specified in the Preface. Translated by H. W. FOWLER and F. G. FOWLER. Four Vols. Extra fcap. 8vo, cloth, 14s. net.

The Oxford History of Music Edited by W. H. Hadow

IN SIX VOLUMES, 8vo.

Now completed by the publication of the following:

Vol. II. THE POLYPHONIC PERIOD, Part II. By H. E. WOOLDRIDGE
Vol. VI. THE ROMANTIC PERIOD. By E. DANNREUTHER.

Until December 31 Vols. II and VI can be purchased together for 15s. net, and sets of the entire work for £3 15s. net. After December 31 the prices will be 15s. net per volume and £4 10s. net for the set.

COWPER. COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.

Edited by H. S. MILFORD, M.A. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth 3s. 6d. On Oxford India Paper, from 5s. Also in the Oxford Standard Classics, from 2s.

Uniform Volumes, extra fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net each; in lambskin, 3s. 6d. net each.

THE LYRICAL POEMS OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

Text by JOHN SAMPSON. With an Introduction by WALTER RALEIGH. [Immediately.]

POEMS & EXTRACTS CHOSEN BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

from the Works of the Countess of Winchelsea and Others, for an Album presented to Lady Mary Lowther, Christmas, 1819. With Preface by J. ROGERS REES, and Introduction and Notes by Professor H. LITTLEDALE. With two Facsimiles.

WORDSWORTH'S LITERARY CRITICISM.

Edited, with an Introduction, by NOWELL C. SMITH.

WORDSWORTH'S GUIDE TO THE LAKES.

Fifth Edition (1835). With Introduction, Notes, Critical and Textual and Appendices, by ERNEST DE SELINCOURT. With a Map and 8 Illustrations. [Immediately.]

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE,

A.D. 1250-1900. Chosen and Edited by A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. 1096 pages. In two Editions. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 7s. 6d. (tenth impression). Fcap. 8vo on Oxford India paper, cloth extra, gilt top, 10s. 6d. (eleventh impression). Also in leather bindings.

LONDON: HENRY FROWDE,
Oxford University Press Warehouse, Amen Corner, E.C.

A Selection from the List of GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED.

Newnes' Thin Paper Classics

This beautiful series, which comprises many of the best known amongst the English Classics, are small enough for the pocket (6 in. by 4 in., and 3 in. thick), yet large enough for the book-shelf. Printed in large type on a thin but thoroughly opaque paper, with Photogravure Frontispiece and Title-page to each volume, printed on Japanese vellum, and in a tasteful binding, they make reading a real pleasure.

EVELYN'S DIARY.
LAMB'S WORKS.
THE VISION OF DANTE.
PEACOCK'S NOVELS.
BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.
2 vols.
HAWTHORNE'S NEW ENGLAND ROMANCES.
TENNYSON'S POEMS.
POEMS OF WORDSWORTH.
THE SHORTER WORKS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.
LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.
THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

MRS. BROWNING'S POEMS. 2 Vols.
SHAKESPEARE. 3 Vols.
MILTON'S POEMS.
BURNS'S POEMS.
DON QUIXOTE.
BACON'S WORKS.
SHELLEY'S POEMS.
PEPYS'S DIARY.
KEATS'S POEMS.
POE'S TALES.
CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES.
MARCO POLO'S TRAVELS.
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI.

ROSSETTI'S EARLY ITALIAN POETS.
THE POEMS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
HOMER'S ILIAD. Translated by GEORGE CHAPMAN.
HOMER'S ODYSSEY AND SHORTER POEMS. Translated by GEORGE CHAPMAN.
SWIFT'S JOURNAL TO STELLA.
BEN JONSON'S PLAYS AND POEMS.
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
HERRICK'S POEMS.
NOVELS OF LAURENCE STERNE.
SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEEN. 2 Vols.
MARLOWE'S PLAYS AND POEMS.

Pall Mall Gazette. — "The 'Thin Paper Classics' is keeping well ahead of everything else we know in its own particular line. The selection of works for it has never yet descended in standard from the highest; and yet it is as various and comprehensive as any reasonable mind could wish."

Newnes' Library of the Applied Arts

Of really practical value to collectors and students. The illustrations are numerous and of the highest quality, and include both Monochromes and Subjects in Colour. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d. net.

DUTCH POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. By W. PITCAIRN KNOWLES.
OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE. By FREDERICK FEYN.
ENGLISH EMBROIDERY. By A. F. KENDRICK.
ENGLISH TABLE GLASS. By PERCY RATE.
OLD PEWTER. By MALCOLM BELL.

Modern Master Draughtsmen

Uniform with "Drawings by Great Masters." 7s. 6d. net each.

DRAWINGS OF SIR E. BURNE-JONES. By T. MARTIN WOOD.
DRAWINGS OF SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A. By MALCOLM BELL.
DRAWINGS OF ROSSETTI. By T. MARTIN WOOD.
DRAWINGS OF J. M. SWAN, R.A. By A. LVS BALDRY.
DRAWINGS OF ADOLPH VON MENZEL. By Dr. HANS SINGER.

Drawings by Great Masters

The Drawings in this new series are reproduced on a large scale on a page 11½ in. by 8½ in. The volumes each contain 48 Reproductions, many of them printed in colour, and several of these are mounted. Quarto, 7s. 6d. net each.

HOLBEIN. By A. LVS BALDRY.

ALBRECHT DURER. By Dr. HANS SINGER.

Newnes' Library of Useful Stories

A Series of Popular Manuals on Scientific Subjects, written by Specialists, and profusely illustrated. Size 6 in. by 4 in.; cloth, 1s. each.

THE STARS.
PRIMITIVE MAN.
THE PLANTS.
THE EARTH IN PAST AGES.
THE SOLAR SYSTEM.
A PIECE OF COAL.
ELECTRICITY.
EXTINCT CIVILISATIONS OF THE EAST.
THE CHEMICAL ELEMENTS.
FOREST AND STREAM.
THE WEATHER.
THE ATMOSPHERE.
GERM LIFE: BACTERIA.

THE POTTER.
THE BRITISH COINAGE.
LIFE IN THE SEAS.
PHOTOGRAPHY.
RELIGIONS.
THE COTTON PLANT.
GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY.
THE MIND.
THE BRITISH RACE.
ECLIPSES.
ICE IN THE PRESENT AND PAST.
WANDERINGS OF ATOMS.
LIFE'S MECHANISM.

THE ALPHABET.
BIRD LIFE.
THOUGHT AND FEELING.
ART IN THE BRITISH ISLES.
WILD FLOWERS.
BOOKS.
KING ALFRED.
FISH LIFE.
ARCHITECTURE.
EUCLID.
MUSIC.
ANIMAL LIFE.
LOST ENGLAND.
THE EMPIRE.

ALCHEMY.
THE ARMY.
RAPID TRANSIT.
THE ATLANTIC CABLE.
EXTINCT CIVILISATION OF THE WEST.
ALPINE CLIMBING.
A GRAIN OF WHEAT.
WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.
BRITISH TRADE AND INDUSTRY.
REPTILE LIFE.

Spectator. — "One of the most perfect popular introductions to science extant.
Speaker. — "Full of clear and valuable information, yet never uninteresting through over-compression."
Bookman. — "Told plainly and pleasantly for a popular audience."

Our Neighbours

A Series of handy books dealing with the Intellectual Life of the various Peoples, their Social Divisions and Distinctions, their Manners and Customs, Wealth and Poverty, their Armies and Systems of National Defence, their Industrial Life, Rural Life, Home Life, Religious Life, Amusements, and Local Governments. Fully Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each. Edited by WILLIAM HARROD DAWSON.

DUTCH LIFE. By P. M. HOUGH, M.A.
SWISS LIFE. By A. T. STORY.
RUSSIAN LIFE. By FRANCIS H. E. PALMER.
GERMAN LIFE. By WILLIAM HARROD DAWSON.
FRENCH LIFE. By HANNAH LYNCH.
SPANISH LIFE. By L. HIGGIN.
ITALIAN LIFE. By LUIGI VILLARI.

DANISH LIFE. By J. BRÖCHNER.
AUSTRIAN LIFE. By FRANCIS H. E. PALMER.
TURKISH LIFE. By L. M. J. GARNETT.
BELGIAN LIFE. By DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.
SWEDISH LIFE. By O. G. VON HEIDENSTAM.
GREEK LIFE. By W. MILLER.

Illustrated Reprints of Famous Classics. Printed in large, clear type on antique wove paper, with Photogravure Frontispiece, and from 10 to 14 Illustrations by the best artists in black and white. Small 8vo. 6s. by 4½ in., cloth limp, gilt tops, designed end-papers, 2s. 6d. net; limp lambskin, 3s. net per volume.

UNDINE, and ASLAUGA'S KNIGHT. By L. MOTTE FOUGUE.
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME. By JOHN BUNYAN. Two Vols.
IN MEMORIAM. By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.
THE SERIOUS POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD.
A BOOK OF ROMANTIC BALLADS. Compiled from various sources ranging from the Thirteenth Century to the Present Day.
THE SKETCH BOOK. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Two Vols.
ROSALYNDE. By THOMAS LODGE.
HERRICK'S HESPERIDES and NOBLE NUMBERS. Two Vols.

Our Empire

This new Series is intended to supplement the highly successful series entitled "Our Neighbours," dealing in a similar manner with the British Colonies and dependencies. It is the sincere belief of the publishers that, in placing before the public these volumes, portraying the whole dramatic story of how our kindred across the seas really live; what they think, say, and do from day to day; what their homes are like; what are their pursuits; how they govern themselves in town and village; what differentiations in religious thought and social customs they have evolved, they will be rendering to the cause of the larger Imperialism a timely practical service of high value. In short, as with the "Our Neighbour" Series the public motive was international amity, so with the "Empire" Series the public motive is imperial unity.

This series of volumes is under the competent editorship of WILLIAM HARROD DAWSON. Special attention has been paid to the illustrations, which are numerous and carefully chosen, and descriptive of every phase and factor of Colonial life. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net each, cloth.

INDIAN LIFE. By HERBERT COMPTON.
AUSTRALIAN LIFE. By E. C. BULLEY.
CANADIAN LIFE. By H. J. MORGAN.

The Caxton Series

Illustrated Reprints of Famous Classics. Printed in large, clear type on antique wove paper, with Photogravure Frontispiece. Lambskin, 2s. 6d. net; cloth, 2s. net.

THE CAVALIER IN EXILE. Being the Lives of the first Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. By the DUCHESS.

GOETHE'S FAUST. A Dramatic Mystery. Translated by JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

THE POEMS OF THOMAS GRAY AND WILLIAM COLLINS.

A JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEAR. By DANIEL DE FOE.

SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS AND SONGS.

POEMS OF GEORGE WITHER.

SONGS FROM THE DRAMATISTS OF THE XVI., XVII., and XVIII. CENTURIES.

POEMS OF MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Newnes' Pocket Classics

Super royal 24mo. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Lambskin, 2s. 6d. net; cloth, 2s. net.

Complete Illustrated Book-List post free on application.

3 to 12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

JAMES FINCH & CO., Limited,

33 Paternoster Row, London.

1. Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

A New Edition with 21 Illustrations, by JESSIE WALKER. Edited by GEORGE SAMPSON. Price 2s. net.

2. Hauff's Tales.

Translated by SYBIL THESIGER, with Illustrations by D. MORRIS. Price 2s. net.

3. George Canning.

By H. W. V. TEMPERLEY, M.A., Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge; Lecturer in History at Leeds University. Price 7s. 6d. net.

4. Keats.

A New Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 2s. net.

5. Selections from the Poets.

Price 1s. 6d. net, Lambskin.

Keats. Edited by A. M. POOLEY, B.A.

Tennyson. Edited by W. H. LANDELLS, M.A.

Wordsworth. Edited by W. H. LANDELLS, M.A.

Longfellow. Edited by W. H. LANDELLS, M.A.

6. The William Morris Booklets.

Price 1s. 6d. net, Lambskin.

Gertha's Lovers. 2 vols.

Golden Wings.

Svend & His Brethren.

The Dream.

Hand and Soul.

By D. G. ROSSETTI.

The Hollow Land.

The Unknown Church.

BOOKS are best for XMAS PRESENTS.

Selection of over 20,000 Volumes in
all Branches of Literature.

3d. in 1s. Discount.

HENRY F. BUMPUS,
Discount Bookseller,
335 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE

DRINK THE

RED

WHITE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST
AND AFTER DINNER.

&

BLUE

In making use less quantity, it being so much
stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

First Large Impression Almost Exhausted.

ATROPICAL DEPENDENCY

By LADY LUGARD (Miss Flora L. Shaw).

With 2 Maps, royal 8vo, 18s. net.

"An admirable piece of pioneer work . . . a wonderful picture . . . written with lucidity and distinction."—OUTLOOK.

The Lieutenant of Cobden.

Sir Louis Mallet. By Bernard Mallet, Author of "Revolution," etc. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"An admirable biography . . . a master of economic principle. . . An upright and a conscientious public servant and one of the mainstays of Cobdenic ideas."—ATHENAEUM.

Dr. Martineau's Philosophy. By Professor Charles B. Upton. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"A fine piece of philosophical criticism."—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

HANDSOME CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOKS.

A Son of the Sea. By F. T. Bullen. With Illustrations in Colour. Extra crown 8vo, 6s.

"A better book for boys has seldom been written . . . enabling reading for any boy."—WORLD.

The Meteor Flag of England. By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N. With Illustrations in Colour. Extra crown 8vo, 5s.

"An exciting book for boys."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Brown. A Story of Waterloo Year for Boys and Girls. By Miss Dorothea Moore. Beautifully Illustrated. Extra crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"A delightfully told story."—TIMES.

TWO COLOURED BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

LITTLE OLAF AND THE BEARS } In Cloth, 1s. 6d.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD } Paper Boards, 1s. net.

"Two cheap, dainty illustrated volumes that must delight dainty little readers. The print is large, and each volume is embellished with over a score of effective coloured pictures."—LIVERPOOL COURIER.

J. NISBET & Co., LTD., 21 Berners Street, W.

JUST PUBLISHED. An Entirely New Edition of

PHANTASTES. By George MacDonald.

"We advise our readers to buy this new edition of PHANTASTES. If any writer of the last fifty years can lay claim to the gift of 'Celtic Magic,' it is George MacDonald, and *Phantastes* is one of the most remarkable works of his imagination."—SPEAKER.

Large crown 8vo, with 33 new illustrations by ARTHUR HUGHES, 4s. 6d. net. Postage 4d.

The Diary of An Old Soul.

By George MacDonald. An Entirely New Edition. With Photogravure of Author. Foolscape 8vo, 2s. net, cloth gilt; 3s. net, soft leather, gilt top. Postage 3d.

"To not a few this little book of meditations in verse is the most appealing of all his writings. With some it has almost replaced a Kempis."—SPECTATOR.

LONDON: ARTHUR C. FIFIELD, 44 FLEET STREET, E.C.

NOW READY. Sixty-first Edition. Price 2s.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE By A LADY

The Original and Authorised Edition brought down to the present time.

London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co., Limited.

THE "COUNTRY LIFE" LIBRARY OF SPORT

Under the General Editorship of
HORACE G. HUTCHINSON

BIG GAME SHOOTING

NOW READY. In Two Volumes

Price 25/- net.

12/6 net per vol.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

[Incorporated] [A.D. 1720.]

**Fire, Life, Sea, Annuities,
Accidents,
Employers' Liability.**

*The Corporation is prepared to act as
Executor of Wills, Trustee of
Wills and Settlements.*

**SPECIAL TERMS TO
ANNUITANTS WHEN HEALTH IS IMPAIRED.**

Funds in Hand . . £5,250,000.

For full Prospectus apply to the SECRETARY.

**Head Office: ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.
West End Office: 29 PALL MALL, S.W.**

THE LANGHAM SERIES OF ART MONOGRAPHS

In Art Canvas, 1s. 6d. net. In Leather, 2s. 6d. net.

BARTOLOZZI AND HIS PUPILS IN ENGLAND

By SELWYN BRINTON, M.A. With coloured frontispiece and 16 full-page illustrations.

COLOUR-PRINTS OF JAPAN

By EDWARD F. STRANGE, Keeper of Prints in the Victoria and Albert Museum. With two coloured and numerous full-page illustrations.

THE ILLUSTRATORS OF MONTMARTRE

By FRANK L. EMANUEL. With two coloured and numerous full-page illustrations.

VENICE AS AN ART CITY

By ALBERT ZACHER. With two photogravures and numerous full-page illustrations.

LONDON AS AN ART CITY

By MRS. STEUART ERSKINE. With one etching and 16 full-page illustrations.

AUGUSTE RODIN

By RUDOLF DIRCKS. With two photogravures and 11 full-page illustrations.

NUREMBERG

By H. UHDE-BERNAYS. With two coloured and numerous full-page illustrations.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLISH CARICATURE

By SELWYN BRINTON, M.A. With two coloured and 16 full-page illustrations.

ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE

By J. WOOD-BROWN, M.A. With 6 full-page and 11 illustrations in text.

ROME AS AN ART CITY

By ALBERT ZACHER. With 16 full-page illustrations.

JEAN-FRANCOIS MILLET

By RICHARD METHER. With 2 photogravures and 10 full-page illustrations.

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER

By HANS W. SINGER. With one etching and 16 full-page illustrations.

LONDON: A. SIEGLE, 2 LANGHAM PLACE, W.

Now in Course of Publication.

THE MONTEZUMA EDITION OF THE WORKS OF **William Hickling Prescott**

TO BE COMPLETED IN
22 VOLS. 8vo. Price £13 15s. net.

Of this edition, 12 vols. are already published, and the remaining 10 will follow with the least possible delay. The paper, printing, and illustrations are of the highest possible excellence, and no expense has been spared to make the book a veritable triumph of book-making. As there are only 100 copies for sale in England, early application is necessary.

The illustrations are 110 in number, and are full-page Photogravures, engraved and printed in Paris by the Goupil process in monochrome. They are on India paper.

French Men of Letters

EDITED BY ALEXANDER JESSUP.

Each volume will contain a Frontispiece Portrait of its subject, and an adequate index.

12mo. Cloth. 6s. net per volume.

VOLUME I.

MONTAIGNE

By EDWARD DOWDEN.

VOLUME II.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

By FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

Other Volumes by leading critics will follow.

New and Revised Edition Just Ready.

Lippincott's Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology.

BY JOSEPH THOMAS, M.D., LL.D.

In One Imperial 8vo Volume, 2250 pp., bound in half-morocco. Illustrated with Full-page Portraits.
Price, £2 2s. net.

The leading features of the work are:

I. The Unequalled Completeness and Conciseness of its General Vocabulary. II. Its Logical System of Orthography. III. Its Admirable Method of Pronunciation. IV. Its Bibliographical References. V. Its Mythology.

Ready Early in December.

Lippincott's New Gazetteer

A Geographical Dictionary of the World.

CONTAINING references to over 100,000 places—their population, location and industries.

COMPILED from the most recent census returns from all countries.

AN INVALUABLE WORK for all Libraries, private and public.

EDITED BY ANGELO HEILPRIN AND LOUIS HEILPRIN.

Over 2000 pages, Imp. 8vo, half-morocco, £2 2s.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

5 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.